

THE
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1837.

NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS,
AND CHARACTERS OF NOTE.

"And make them men of note!"—*Shakspeare.*

"THE world knows nothing of its greatest men," says the author of Philip Van Artavelde. The world will be better able to appreciate the sagacity of the poet's observation after having seen our series of "Notorious Characters and Characters of Note." The world, indeed, cannot be said to know *nothing* of its *great* men, but how little does it know of its *greatest* men! Some of "the few, the immortal names" we shall mention, are indeed recognized as *great*, but not as the *greatest*! Is Martin Van Buren as great as John Williams? Is Mr. Senator Webster as great as Dr. Graham? Is the sublime as great as the ridiculous? Certainly not. For, if it were, then there would be more sublime than ridiculous people in the world, and every body knows the contrary to be the fact. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." "Here follows prose," said Malvolio, when about to read this often-cited passage—and prove it is as much as our first quotation is poetry. Our series will primarily include those who were born great, and those who have achieved greatness; and, by and by, we shall add "a chosen tally of the singular few" who have had greatness thrust upon them. Let every person of both sexes, who considers himself or herself as belonging to either of the three classes, instantly subscribe to, and pay for the American Monthly—for though we shall

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice,"

yet shall we not be more complimentary to such as subscribe yet "owe us no subscription," than to those who subscribe yet "owe

us subscription ;" or to that still more reprehensible class who will neither subscribe nor "owe subscription?"

In thirty or forty years we hope to make our gallery so complete that posterity may possess the likeness of every celebrated individual of the nineteenth century. We pause no longer "in limine," but present the expectant reader with—

No. 1.

AN OCCULT OCULIST.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. * * * * *
* * * * * Oh, spare mine eyes
Though to no use, but still to look on you !"

King John.

Portly Mr. Williams ! It is a privilege to look upon such greatness as yours—though only "done in little," by that curious "scrap"-scraper, Johnston, who has hitherto set the country in a roar by an annual exhibition of fun,* but who is now engaged monthly to illuminate the pages of this, our world-renowned periodical, by engraved "flashes of merriment !" Look at him ! Eyes—observe the oculist. There he stands, with greater self-possession than that of the elderly gentleman by the side of a murmuring stream, for he holds, as Counsellor Phillips's Napoleon did a sword and a fire-brand, his hat "in one hand" and his cane "in the other." But, to get fairly at the position in which the artist has chosen to represent the occult oculist, we must aspire to the honour of becoming his memorialist, and *ecstatify* the world by a recountal of a few of the adventures of one, concerning whom it might with peculiar appositeness be said—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
Eye shall not look upon his like again."

To give his biography would be a task of unnecessary supererogation. To tell who and what he is, we need not ; for, "breathes there a man" in our country "with soul so dead," so obscure, so willing to be argued unknown, as not to be familiar with "the fame of the name" of the celebrated John Williams, oculist in ordinary to Louis XVIII., Charles X. and King Phillippe !—Not his Indian Highness—but Phillippe, king of the French—Phillippe the cool, who stands as little in awe of his evil genius as did Brutus of old—Philippe the more than Ajax invulnerable, who defies all manner of

* Vide "Scraps by D. C. Johnston," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, *passim*, not *pass him*.

infernal machines, the oculist's included? He is a great man, that King Phillippe; but not so great as his "oculist in ordinary."

This extraordinary oculist is now performing a progress, truly triumphal, through these United States. Lafayette's was poor in comparison; for the one has been accompanied by the smiles, and the other by the tears, of a grateful people. The erudite *self-diplomaed* Doctor's first appearance in our country was, not to be too circumstantial, towards the conclusion of the year 1835, in the famous city of New-York, where he arrived, as they say in friendly epistles, in "pretty good health and spirits," after having, by his fascinating manners and conversation, rendered the passage

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

in the estimation of all who had the felicity to be on board of the same vessel, the shortest ever made from France or elsewhere. The hour of the day of the month of his arrival we have not been able to ascertain with any greater certainty than the day of the month itself, but those who are fond of the *eyedeal*, may form some conjecture thereof by consulting the almanack; since the Doctor was heard to say, in his classical vernacular, that they "harrived at 'igh water." This "'igh water" was probably as effectual as that administered by the Doctor to his patients. It is rumoured that he applied it to the *dead lights* of the vessel, when he was about *half-seas over*, with such effect, that the stars could be seen through them in the darkest night.

As faithful memorialists it becomes and behoves us to record a sad accident with which the landing of the illustrious oculist to their majesties was attended. Such an event may truly be called portentous of the various mishaps and persecutions which have beset his benevolent peregrinations through those towns inhabited by the perversely blind Yankees. Scarcely had he left the vessel's side, and trod once more upon *terra firma*, when, like that Brutus who played the fool and expelled the Tarquins, he "kissed his mother earth"—though after a different fashion; for his heels, or his "'eels" as he called them, being slippery, flew upwards, and left their place to be usurped by a pair of "*unwhisperables*," as Boz happily entitles them.

"Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Yet, fell he not "like Lucifer, son of the morning," nor "like a bright exhalation in the evening;" but he fell like a man that could not help it; and he rose—he rose like a male Ceres, not bearing indeed a *wheat* sheaf and a *sickle*, but emblems equally appropriate, a

wry face and a *pickle*—of mud;—but, sooth to say, he comported himself less like a Heathen deity than a mortal Christian, for he was mindful only of “his *latter end*”—and felt with the poet,

“More are men’s *ends marked*, than their lives *before*.”

This great fall was any thing but a *windfall* for the doctor, for its consequence was his confinement within doors for several weeks. His *sovereign* remedies, so designated from their cure of *kings’* evils, were ineffectual for himself; but, nevertheless, he recovered and set off, in the usual vulgar conveyances, for Boston—a city, which some wag, for what reason nobody ever knew, facetiously distinguished as “the literary metropolis,”—*Lucus à non lucendo*. The doctor was sure that Boston would be the theatre of his most glorious success, for he had been informed that dimness of vision was so prevalent among the inhabitants, that many of them, after having vainly endeavoured from the base of Bunker Hill to discern the beautiful pyramidal peak of the monument there, have turned away exclaiming, in the language of *Macbeth*,

“There’s no such thing.”

Immediately after his arrival in the justly so-named “city of notions,” the erudite oculist lost no time in repairing to the “Institution for the Education of the Blind.” With the sagacity of the elephant, he carried his trunk with him; which trunk was filled to overflowing with certificates of the Doctor’s marvellous skill from all the most distinguished personages and learned societies of the old world. Of these he very kindly tendered to the director of the Institution the privilege of perusal—and here, courteous reader! here is the position in which he has been seized by the artist. He is pointing with his cane to the open trunk of certificates, and seems to have just wound up a grandiloquent speech on his own surpassing excellences!* Alas! such was the perversity of the director, springing altogether from prejudice in favour of the Medical Faculty, that, instead of permitting the distinguished operator to open the eyes of the pupils or the certificates so generously proffered, he merely suffered his own eyes to be opened; which was no sooner done, than, like “open Sesame” in the *Forty Thieves*, it effected an opening of the street door, through which the great oculist, without further hint, disappeared. His successes in other quarters, however, consoled him for his defeat in this. Several elderly ladies, after paying twenty guineas each, were so effectually cured of blindness, that, though unable to distin-

* The autograph, with the title appended at the foot of the engraving, is from a letter addressed by the Doctor to the director of the Institution.

guish the perforations between the rounds of a ladder, or a hawk from a *heron-shaw* (corrupted into *hand-saw*), they knew a charcoal man from a feminine vender of fish, provided their cries could be heard; and a wheelbarrow from a large-sized omnibus, if their rotatory movements were over big stones. All these marvellous cures the King-healing Doctor failed not to publish to mankind in magnificent phraseology—similar to that used by Napoleon in bulletins to his army—through the volumes of the *Daily Gazettes*. But, although numbers implicitly relied on the superior efficacy of the Doctor's prescriptions, there were a few over whose minds' eyes such cataracts had grown, that they could not clearly perceive why a slow cure, effected by the celebrated oculist for the dazzling sum of twenty-five guineas, was to be preferred to a rapid healing on application of remedies administered by some ignoble, regular physician for the contemptible sum of one dollar!

Among this stupid few was a Mr. L., who, being troubled with an inflammation of the visual organs, and in consequence thereof dazzled by the splendid promises of the oculist to some twenty-six majesties and imperial highnesses, repaired to this miraculous individual for advice. "Dangerous! most dangerous, is the vortex of agony into which you are about to be plunged!" asseverated the Doctor; "pay me twenty-five guineas and be cured." "Of course he put down the money," says the female reader. No! Miss Amelia Sophia, he put on his hat; and moreover, immediately betook himself to an ordinary leech, who probably had never attended any person of higher rank than a major-general of militia. How often do we see the heels of the noblest merit tripped up by its shadow! This miserable medical plebeian advised Mr. L. simply to lave his visual orbs in warm milk, and wear green goggles.

"And what followed?" tremulously demands the reader. The patient followed the advice, and was restored to perfect health in a week. But at what a sacrifice of self-gratification! "In one little month" he might have been cured by the most renowned oculist that ever flourished since the worship of *eyedols*. The same hand that had insinuated rays into the sightless eyeballs of half the crowned heads of Europe and the Sandwich Islands, would have administered to him *'igh-water* at a guinea a drop; instead of which he ignominiously preferred the simple extract of kine, then to be had at six pennies the quart, though now worth eight, if undiluted!

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer-cloud
Without our special wonder!"

Dr. Johnson, in commenting upon "King Lear," feelingly observes

that he could never bear "the extrusion of Gloster's eyes." Mr. L., in the spirit of the great Behemoth of literary criticism, probably feared to undergo the *extrusion* of his own eyes. How very unlike, in the cardinal virtue of fortitude, was he to the famous individual whose exploits are recorded in the mellifluous melodies of Mother Goose after the following sublime manner !—

" There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched them in again!"

Repugnant as we are to forego so exalted a theme, we must curtail the fair proportions of this sketch, and rapidly dash over the remainder. Would that we could follow the career of our illustrious oculist step by step! Would that we possessed the oratorical powers of that modern Demosthenes, Pickle Emmons Esq., so that we might astonish myriads of freemen by our trumpeting of his fame! Would that we were by nature gifted with the puffing capacities of the whale, so that we might spout him up to the skies! But we must forbear to aggrandize and incontinently journalize. Although

" The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than *greatness going off*—"

yet from Boston the occult oculist proceeded to Providence,—on which, being a pious man, he relied too wholly: for he was unceremoniously requested to abscond. From thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, but that city of brotherly love showed not even the love of a fifteenth cousin to the Doctor; for while there, he was ejected from his abiding-place to the tune of the Rogue's March, followed by the "*Broom-girl*" and a *stick-a-to* movement. He then betook himself to Baltimore, having shaken the dust from his shoes upon Philadelphia; which, however, in consequence of the great abundance of pure water in the streets, was speedily washed away. Next he took himself and his remedies to Washington, where, knowing the prevalence of blindness among the high in office, he anticipated a *capital* harvest. Here he was doomed to new disappointments; for not only was he compelled to confine his practice to a few insignificant and ungrateful plebeians, but came near being circumscribed into still narrower limits. He was duly arraigned to appear in open court (how different from the courts of Europe,

in which he had flourished !) and accused ("oh, devilish malice !") of mal-practice ! How true it is

"The man who makes a character makes foes !"

"Oh, place and greatness, millions of false eyes are stuck upon thee !"

What a spectacle ! Think of him who cured all eyes, turned himself into a *spectacle* ! Behold the oculist of majesties a prisoner at a democratic bar ! The evidence had closed—the advocates had exhausted all their superlative and superfluous eloquence—the judge had delivered his charge, and the jury had retired ! awful moment of suspense ! What must have been the emotions of the illustrious individual thus ignominiously arraigned for conferring benefactions on the human race in general and the citizens of Washington in particular.

In the language of one of our most gifted bards—

"He hung dingle dangle,
Like a huge tallow-candle,
'Twixt hope (very small) and despair;
And he sighed—here's a flare up,
I'm down, and shall ne'er up—
And with fright, on his wig rose his hair !"

Fortunately for the accused, the organ of alimentiveness—to speak phrenologically—being full in a large portion of the jury, they were starved into a verdict of "not guilty," which was rendered to the surprise of no one so much as the Doctor himself. Puck, who could

"Put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes,"

never started off with greater velocity than did the occult oculist from the American metropolis ; he

"Stood not upon the order of his going,
But went at once"

to Charleston, S. C., where he has been vainly endeavouring to open the eyes of the nullifiers. He has been last heard from in New Orleans, upon which place, in the beautiful words of Fanny Kemble,

"We rivet our tear-laden eyes !

Prodigious, Dr. Williams ! As we contemplate thy sublime qualities mixed up with thy unmerited persecutions, the tear of compassion mingles with the awe which thou inspirest ! Held we the pen of Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, author of the thrice-damned Duchess De La Valière and the Siamese Twins, besides novels without num-

ber, we would apostrophise thee through the rest of this Magazine, beginning "Oh thou!" and ending with a slightly improved version of one of Anacreon Moore's songs, thus—

"Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry *eyes* to see;
O think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering 'quacks' like thee!"

SUMMER IS COME.

BY T. H. HOWARD.

THE summer is come, with its sunlight and showers,—
The summer is come, with its verdure and flowers;
With its mirth in the valley, its shout on the hill,
With its blossoms, and perfume, by river and rill,
With its wild birds' song, and its wild bees' hum,
With its music and murmurs, the summer is come.

The summer is come, and comes Zephyrus forth,—
And away to their caverns the blasts of the north,
They have ridden the earth with a desolate moan,—
Then huzza for the child of the tropical zone;
From the sea to the mountains all nature was dumb;
But there's life in the valley,—the summer is come.

The summer is come, and the huntsman is out,—
And the streams and the forests have echoed his shout,
And the streams and the forests have echoed his horn,
And his song in the evening,—his rifle at morn;
From the west, and the south, and the east, hear the hum
Of the glorious revel,—the summer is come.

The summer is come, and the maiden looks bright,
With her bosom of rapture,—her glance of delight,
She had sighed for the summer's sweet odours in vain,
Till the green velvet lawn she has trodden again,
And she lifts her soft voice, which the winter made dumb,
In an anthem of praise, that the summer is come.

The summer is come, and the student from books
And his dreams of ambition, has fled to the brooks,
And the light-hearted schoolboy, from Euclid and quills,
For his gambols and shouts, on the meadows and hills;
And his harp, 'midst the green trees, Eolus will strum—
Oh! hurrah for the season,—the summer is come.

The summer is come, with its sunlight and showers,
With its music and murmurs—its verdure and flowers,
With its mirth in the valley, its shout on the hill,
With its blossoms and perfume, by river and rill,
With its wild birds' song, and its wild bees' hum,
Oh the summer,—the glorious summer, is come.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

"Old, odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ."

Richard III.

MANY of the Plays of Shakspeare bear evidence that his mind was deeply imbued with the language, history, and philosophy contained in the Bible; and some of the most eloquent and affecting of his conceptions, it is believed, may be traced—not as far-fetched—to that great fountain head of nearly all that is found to be truly wise and elevated in the institutions among men; and numerous instances of familiar use of the very words of Holy writ, unequivocally prove his estimation of the force of its language, and how intimate the acquaintance, which could thus interweave its phraseology with the ordinary current of thought. Of the latter, the following examples are given :

BIBLE.

The apostle says—

"But though I be rude in speech."

2 Corin. xi. 6.

"Consume thine eyes and grieve thy heart."

1 Sam. ii. 33.

"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death."—*Psa.*

"That thou doest, do quickly."

John, xiii. 27.

"Unstable as water—thou shalt never excel."—*Gen. 49.*

"I am black, but comely."

"Look not upon me because I am black."—*Canticles.*

"Look not upon me because I am black—because the sun hath looked upon me."—*Song Sol. i. 6.*

"I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee."

Gen. xviii. 6. Deut. xxvii. 41.

"And the Lord said, wherefore did Sarah laugh."

"Then Sarah denied, saying, I laughed not."—*Gen. xviii. 12.*

SHAKSPEARE.

"Rude am I in my speech."

Othello, Act I. sc. 3.

"Shew his eyes and grieve his heart."

Macb. Act IV. sc. 1.

"Lighted fools the way to dusty death."—*Macb. Act V. sc. 5.*

"'Twere well if 'twere done quickly."—*Macb. Act I. sc. 7.*

"She was false as water."

Othello, Act V. sc. 2.

"Or for that I am black."—*Othello.*

"Mistake me not for my complexion the shadowy livery of the burnished sun."—*Merch. of Venice, Act II. sc. 1.*

"Thou shalt get kings. Then, prophet like—they hailed him Father to a line of kings."—*Macb. Act III. sc. 1.*

"Why did you laugh then when I said, Man delights me not." "My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts."—*Hamlet, Act II. sc. 2.*

"Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life."—*Gen.* xlv. 30.

"And Abimelech took an axe in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees, and took and laid it on his shoulder; and said unto the people, what ye have seen me do, make haste and do as I have done.

"And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough, and followed Abimelech."—*Judges* ix. 48.

"And he said, he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."—*Matth.* xxvi. 23.

"This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had the bag."—*John*, xii. 6.

"I smote him—I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him."
1 *Sam.* xvii. 35.

—"Opened Job his mouth and cursed his day—let it not be joined unto the days of the year—let it not come into the number of the months."—*Job*.

"And the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints which slept, arose and came out of their graves after his resurrection, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many."
Matth. xxvi. 51.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands."—*Psa.* viii. 4. *Heb.* ii. 6.

—"Nicanor lay dead in his harness."—*Macca.* xviii. 22.

From among a number of impressive subjects transferred by Shakspeare from the Bible into his immortal plays, and therefore the more deservedly immortal—that of the arrest of the Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane will conclude the present paper. Though this scene, as might be expected, deprived of the associations which crowd upon the mind when contemplating the agonies—"the hour and power of darkness," the glory and triumph of "the Man of Sorrows" appears, shorn of its splendours and degraded, when made to bear upon the essayed capture of "The Moor of Venice."

"There where I have garnered up my heart."

"Where I must live or bear no life."
Othello, Act IV. sc. 2.

"What wood is this before us?"

"The wood of Birnam.

"Let every soldier hew him down a bough, and bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow the numbers of our host.

"It shall be done."

Macb. Act V. sc. 4.

—"The fellow that sits next him now, parts-breath with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided thought, is the readiest man to kill him.

"Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?"

"Timon hath been this lad's father, and kept his credit with his purse."
Tim. of Ath.

"I took by the throat the circumcised dog, and smote him."
Othello, Act V. sc. 2.

"May this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."—*Macb.*

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome, a little e'er the mightier Julius fell, the graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

Hamlet, Act I. sc. 1.

"What a piece of work is a man?—how noble in reason—how infinite in faculties—in form and moving, how express and admirable. In action, how like angel—in apprehension, how like a God. The beauty of the world—the paragon of animals."—*Ham.* A. II. s. 2.

—"We'll die with harness on our backs."—*Macb.* Act V. sc. 5.

The Saviour had declared that the hour was come when he was to be betrayed into the hands of men.

That he went there "to be found of them."

He goes to the garden, some of his disciples being provided with swords.

An armed band, with *weapons* and *torches*, approach.

Instead of flying, the Saviour goes forth to meet them.

One of the disciples having smitten a follower of the band, the Saviour says—

"Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels. But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled that this must be."

John, xviii. 3. *Matth.* xx. 51, &c.

The Moor, while surrounded by his adherents, "sees the approach of a band, with torches and weapons." He had been warned: "you were best go in;" but replied, "I must be found."

Both parties prepare for an encounter, when Othello addresses them, to the import, and substantially in the language, of the Saviour—

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

"Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter." *

Are we not then warranted in asserting, that the later and most wonderful of the plays of Shakspeare afford at least "imputation and strong circumstance leading directly to the door of proof"—of his having been a profound admirer and student of Holy writ; and, as a consequence therefrom, that to the extended list of books in the English tongue, to which our attention has been directed by his distinguished biographers, as the sources from whence his almost superhuman mind sought to satisfy its longings after knowledge—the Bible is yet to be added, and vindicated as the foundation and "chief corner stone" of the wisdom of Shakspeare?

* The design to be found—the details of the scene—torches and an armed band—the words of inhibition to combat—the reason, in the assumption of power to have more than met the emergency—if the actor had so designed, the intimation of a higher object to be accomplished, &c., altogether present so many points of contact and analogy, as to lead the mind to but one conclusion.

EXTRACTS

FROM A POEM "ON THE MEDITATION OF NATURE,"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

INTRODUCTION.

Of Nature's pure philosophy I sing :—
 And my entire devotion and the flame
 Of quenchless love upon her altar fling ;
 For she has ever been to me the same
 Unchanging parent, generous and kind ;
 And all its better nourishment my mind
 Draws from her bosom, and my heart would be
 Cold as an iceberg of the northern sea,
 If, when I gaze on her undying forms,
 I did not speak the gratitude which warms
 The flowing water of its deepest fountains.
 Her quiet vales and her majestic mountains,
 Her angry seas, that struggle with the wrath
 Of the fierce tempest, rushing from the sky
 To rend the earth in his destructive path,
 Or flash revenge from his dark shrouded eye,—
 Her still lakes, sleeping in the starlight beams,
 Her warring cataracts, her peaceful streams,
 The boundless prairie where the eagle soars,
 The solemn grandeur of her ancient woods,
 The haggard rocks that guard her bending shores,
 Her green retreats and leafy solitudes,
 All fill my soul with reverential awe ;
 For everywhere I read the changeless law
 That tells its immortality !

* * * * *

INVOCATION.

Let us go forth and hold communion sweet
 With the invisible spirit that surrounds
 Earth's silent altars—let us go forth to greet
 The woven strain of most enchanting sounds
 That stir the clear waves of the golden air ;
 Let us go forth and mutely worship there !
 From life's unvarying round, oh let us steal
 Some fleeting moments we may call our own,
 When, unrestrained, the heart can deeply feel
 The quiet happiness to be alone.

Alone with Nature in some voiceless glen,
 Or by some forest brook, or on the height
 Of some uprising hill—away from men,
 The city's busy tumult and the sight
 Of all the sons of pleasure and of pain,
 Where the free soul must feel its human chain.
 Then, if within our hearts reflected lie
 The perfect glories of the earth and sky,
 If every feeling they inspire be fraught
 With the pure essence of exalted thought,
 Well may we deem, that round each bosom's throne
 Float the white robes of Innocence alone!

* * * * *

SCEPTICISM.

The man, who cannot see the light divine
 Which circles round creation's altar-shrine,
 Can, through his tuneless spirit, never feel
 The magic sweetness of her spirit steal:—
 And though upon the sapphire arch above
 Glowed the bright beacons of eternal love,
 Vain, vain would be our ardent search to find .
 One star-beam mirrored on the sceptic's mind!

* * * * *

THE SUN.

Behold the sun in his imperial height,
 Beneath his eye uncounted planets lay—
 Wide o'er creation pours his lavish light,
 From the beginning he has ruled the day.
 How kingly is his sceptre! see him wave
 Its lustre o'er the firmament—and where
 Fly the wild tempest-clouds? deep in a grave
 Of rosy vapour falls th' expiring air,
 And o'er the east the rainbow's arch is thrown,
 While sinks the Day-god, gorgeous and alone!
 There's glory in his setting—but the time,
 When, like a monarch, from his throne sublime
 He gazes o'er the world in mightiest power
 Is in the silence of his rising hour.
 On all alike his equal radiance streams;
 The humblest flower receives his earliest beams,
 The smallest fountain revels in his ray,
 Beneath his glance old ocean's billows play;
 His smiles upon the lowliest valley rest,
 And proudly glisten on the mountain's crest,
 He looks as sweetly on the cottage home
 As on the splendor of a regal dome;
 And each faint star, that gems the distant sky,
 Drinks the full lustre of his glorious eye!

* * * * *

THE STARS.

Oh, when to rest the wearied day retires,
 How, on God's temple, burn the unwasting fires!
 Pure, soft and still, each in its own blue sphere,
 As when at first the mighty Maker framed
 The bending arch, and bade its gleams appear
 Where the great sun had through the ether flamed.
 For ever beautiful! for ever bright!
 What is your hidden mystery? do ye stream
 From the clear fountains of celestial light,
 And each to earth display a broken gleam
 Of Heaven's immortal glory? are ye strown
 Along the borders of that fadeless shore,
 Which lies beyond those depths unseen, unknown,
 To light the course of angel-plumes, that soar
 High through your rainbow-coloured atmosphere?
 Or are ye brilliant melodies—embodied forms
 Of thrilling sound made so divinely clear—
 Bright tones from lips that inspiration warms?
 Or, as such perfect loveliness ye fling,
 With hope and joy the spirit to inspire,
 Are ye not glimpses of those chords that string,
 In glittering order, Heaven's melodious lyre?

* * * * *

THE SEA.

On the free waters let your vision dwell;
 See how they flash beneath the golden ray!
 Hark, how they murmur—as their surging swell
 Breaks at your feet and slowly rolls away!
 Like nodding plumes and helms and glistening spears,
 The serried waves come rushing o'er the main;
 Then, like a host, subdued by sudden fears,
 They scatter brokenly to charge again!
 Where the horizon meets the glimmering sea,
 What fragile mists are floating!—Look, once more—
 A sail! a sail! and yet it cannot be—
 'Tis but a sea-bird that doth lightly soar;
 And where yon billows, like strown diamonds, gleam,
 I soon shall hear his shrill, rejoicing scream!
 And can such radiant beauty ever wear
 The shadow of the tempest? Will its proud
 And vengeful rider, in deep midnight tear
 The folded blackness of the thunder-cloud,—
 Unchain his lightnings and arouse these waves,
 Which now are whispering to the peaceful deep
 Or calmly resting in their hidden caves,
 To leap like lions startled from their sleep?
 The whirlwinds wrestle and the billows rage,
 And yet God holds them in his hollow palm;
 He frowneth war—in conflict they engage:—
 He smileth peace—and lo! there is a calm.

* * * * *

CHANGE.

Change—change—the fate of each created thing !
 Change, swift and constant change, the seasons bring.
 Mark how they change!—upon the summer's brow
 Twine clustering wreaths of golden-crested grain,
 The ripened fruit drops slowly from the bough,
 Stirred by the gale that breathes along the plain.
 Then bounteous autumn yields her liberal stores,
 The tired labourer to bless and cheer,
 And from her lap in glad profusion pours
 Her copious gifts to crown the perfect year.
 Then are the leaves all tinged with vermeil dyes,
 And withering fall upon the faded grass,
 And o'er the azure of the changing skies
 Pale fleeting mist and drifting vapor pass.
 Stern winter comes to scatter over earth
 High crests of snow and jewels icy-cold ;
 And manhood seeks his dear, domestic hearth,
 Where glow affections which are never old.
 Then spring, with all her bird-like melodies,
 And rose-leaves twined 'mid her dishevelled hair,
 Stirs the young foliage of the forest trees,
 And with soft radiance paints the stilly air.
 And there are lesser changes—Heaven is pure
 To day—no scattered mists its smiles obscure—
 To-morrow comes—and one continual cloud
 Throws o'er the green earth an unbroken shroud—
 To-day we taste the morning's dewy breath,
 To-morrow brings disease, and pain, and death—
 To-day we drink the blushing cup of health,
 And see its waters sparkling soft and clear ;
 To-morrow comes the Pestilence by stealth,
 Robed in thick darkness, heralded by Fear !

THE SWALLOWS AND THE FEATHER OF DOWN.

"I beseech you look well to it ; for there is more in it than meets the eye. It has a moral, if you can find it out."—*Anon.*

THE scene of the present sketch is a meadow, through which flows a lively stream. The time is the commencement of spring. The climate is more southern than ours.

A lovely morning it is ; the sky is cloudless, and the sun is cheered in his course by the birds. The wild flowers feel that their enemy is conquered, and they rear aloft their delicate and fragile forms, anxious partakers of the general joy. The bullfrog seated on the

mossy bank fails not to express his delight. The catbird, forgetful of his name, pours forth a song of excelling sweetness, whose notes are "as mellow and powerful as those of the Thrasher and Mocking bird." He charms his mate while at her labour of love. The odious cry of the cat comes not to him, except with the cares of housekeeping.—Ever sweet and amiable are the tones of the lover—ah! who but seldom hears such from the husband and father!

Far above, the wild geese are winging their way to a more congenial clime—scarcely visible save by a dark line against the sky, yet are their hoarse but not unmusical notes distinctly heard. From the breast of their leader, a hero of many regions and of many ages, a feather of Down is loosened. Let us follow it and mark its lot.

There is no air stirring, and the feather of Down floats listlessly towards the earth: after a while it approaches the meadow. It is observed by a swallow of a century.

"Ah ha!" cries the old one, "since the year one have I not laid eyes on so fine a prize." He flies to the stream, and as he skims along the surface, he dips his beak in the water, that he may not soil the inestimable gem.

But ere he had reached the rivulet, another swallow, who had seen but two summers and raised but one brood, is likewise charmed with the sight of the feather.

"Ha, ha!" says he, "last year my mate complained that I did not half feather my nest. Was ever any thing so fortunate?" He flies to the stream to dip his beak in the water, that he might not soil the feather of down.

How! another swallow? Yes—a young lover, full of joy and hopes, appears on the scene of action. He has been roving in search of prizes since the morn has scattered its sparkling gems over forest and field, but as yet his flight has been futile—nought uncommon has he found. He sees the feather and the swallows, who are just rising from the stream.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed he, "shall not I, for the love of my mate, engage in the strife?"

Not stopping to wet his beak that he may not soil the feather of down, he carries off the prize.

Onward flies he—onward, and onward; when ah! luckless Fate! he is spied by a sportsman, who, anxious to show that the inactivity of the winter has not diminished his skill, raises his gun, and the fond lover lies dead on the ground.

A wren comes, and from the beak of the dead swallow bears away to his own humble box, The Feather of Down.

SKETCHES OF PARIS, No. 1.

TAGLIONI.

"Like the herald Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

"It is a sweet valley that lies on the banks of the Danube beneath the mountains of Ferenbach. The sun's light falls on flowers of all names and hues, garlanding it on every side. It is called the vale of roses, and in 1420 it became, with other possessions, the heritage of the young and handsome Baron de Willibald."

Thus commences the story of the Fille du Danube, out of which is constructed the delightful ballet, wherein this evening, for the first time, I have seen Taglioni. The tale is of German origin, and has been illustrated by German poets. It goes on to tell how the elder brother of this Baron had been unfortunate in matrimony. His first wife died suddenly, within a month from the celebration of their nuptials; his second mysteriously disappeared eight days thereafter; and his third was a corpse within two hours from the moment that she passed, a laughing bride, into the Baron's arms. De Willibald was saddened at these disastrous recollections, but deeming the curse rather within the noble damsels whom his brother had taken to wife than in his own family's blood, he henceforth swore eternal, though a secret hate against all titled ladies, and resolved to seek a partner among the children of nature in the "vale of roses." Now, in that vale was a damsel fairer than all its flowers, of parentage mysterious, who had one morning been found by old Irmengarde, kneeling upon the borders of the stream, among some "forget-me-nots." Tradition relates a thousand things of her—how beautiful she was, how gracefully she sported with the children of the valley, and how each morning she was seen standing upon the banks of the Danube, flinging flowers, as if in sacrifice, upon its waters.

Now it so chanced that young Rudolph, the Baron's squire, having one day seen Fleur des Champs—for such was the name given to this mysterious daughter of the Danube—fell desperately in love with her. His affection was returned. Happy hours succeeded; and once, as they were slumbering among roses, the nymph to whom old Father Danube had entrusted the care of his gentle offspring, comes up from the waves with a band of Undines, and sprinkling them with profound sleep upon their eyelids, puts upon

each of their fingers a ring, and, as German imagination has it, "wedded the perfume of their breaths."

The Baron de Willibald was in haste to choose a wife. So he sent a herald to summon into his presence all the noble ladies of that region, and likewise all worthy damsels who dwelt in the vale of roses. The noble ladies thronged in, striving their best to captivate the handsome Baron, and soon arrived, in simple white robes and crowned with flowers, the children of the vale, among whom was the reluctant Fleur des Champs, distinguished only by a still simpler dress and a somewhat melancholy expression upon her countenance. Then follows a grand dance. The Baron looks on; is moved by the grace and naïveté of Fleur des Champs; offers her his hand, and, what is more, a title. The damsel is in agony, and Rudolph raves. She, however, rejects the Baron's offer. The Baron is on his knees. Rudolph rushes madly between them. The Baron resolves on force. The damsel escapes, and standing on the balcony of the window, expresses her horror at a union with de Willibald, and her deep love for Rudolph; hurls a malediction against the former, and flinging to the latter the wreath of roses which adorned her forehead, leaps into the Danube, far flowing beneath her feet. "It is too late," continues the German story-teller, "to fly to her rescue. The cries of her companions, the horrible joy of the court ladies, the Baron's grief, the despair of Rudolph, complete the heart-rending picture."

Rudolph now goes mad. With eyes all haggard and locks dishevelled, he wanders alone on the river's banks. There wandering, a melancholy music falls upon his ears, the fairy group of Undines surround him, and distantly he catches a glimpse of his well-beloved, or, in German phraseology, "of his beautiful future." Alas! he is not permitted to touch her; and old Danube, from his depths, proclaims, that never more will he resign his daughter to a world unworthy of her, and that whoever would take her for his bride, must seek her in the arms of her parent. She disappears. Rudolph is more distracted than ever. The Baron now arrives, and strives to console his favourite squire, but all in vain. Suddenly the Danube surges, the thunder growls, a mystery is accomplished, for the lover has passed into the deep watery realms of the father of the stream. There comes to him the nymph whom he had formerly seen in the vale of roses, and restores him to reason. He is soon surrounded by all the Undines, *veiled*. His task is to divine which among them is Fleur des Champs. They are all of fairest forms and most graceful motions, and yet he soon detects the object of his search. They both of them now pray to be restored to the upper regions of the earth. Their prayer is granted. The Undines bear

them up in a sea-shell to the surface of the stream. They are now in the world, and never more shall they be disunited. So ends the fairy tale.

The ideas above contained in language, I have just seen at the Royal Theatre of Music, in a far different vehicle—in the vehicle of a ballet; in the language, voiceless to be sure, yet in the expressive language of attitudes, and motions, and gestures, shiftings of the eye, smiles of the lip, and frowns of the brow. “How is a ballet composed?” said I to my companion, musing between the acts. “Certainly it must be a difficult task. Its author must use those arms and bodies, features and legs, as his alphabet. They must be his vowels, his consonants, his exclamation and his interrogation points. Is it not so?” But how to combine them. That to me is a little mysterious. You perceive that it is complicated in the extreme, and yet there is not the slightest apparent irregularity. Here were several thousand different signs and gestures, and yet how gracefully and expressively have they been intermingled with each other. They have been so intermingled to express consecutive thoughts and events. My companion replied, that to him it was all “inexplicable dumb show.” He cared for nothing but the motions of Taglioni. To me it seemed far otherwise; and its chief charm was in that I could read it as a volume of living poetry.

The curtain now once more arose. The scene was where the Baron had assembled around him, to choose therefrom a bride, the noble ladies and the damsels of the vale of roses. A very light and elegant form took a position in the centre of the stage to join the commencing music. The position was not unlike that which John of Bologna has given to his immortal Mercury. The strain begins, and with it are joined some motions that half enchant you. What majestic feelings of the leg! you exclaim. How sweetly are the movements of the arms made to harmonise with those of the body. What graceful curves and bends of the neck and head! And now the form dots swiftly athwart the stage on the extremest point of its great toes. And now it turns a pirouette that almost sets your brain a reeling. You are ready to applaud to the very echo. The dancer pauses and retires, for she has achieved her step. Why does not the house ring with acclamations? The dancer was *not* Taglioni. Madame Julia moves well, but she lacks that certain something which is to Taglioni's style what genius is to art or poetry. Taglioni—who, by the way, is the *Fleur des Champs* of the tale—now appears. She seemed a little subdued. You perceive, however, that her motions are easy and perfectly self-possessed. She leaps you twenty feet without any visible effort. Other dancers have an eternal smile on their visage, and their mouths ever

half open to catch breath. Taglioni seldom smiles, and never unseals her lips. She performs her long, and graceful, and complicated feats without any apparent respiration. You are satisfied with this, and you lean tranquilly back in your comfortable stalle d'Amphitheatre, extremely delighted that she who now charms you does it without any labour, any toil, any difficulty. How simple seem all her motions. "Any body could dance like that," you almost exclaim; and yet the highest efforts of other dancers are mere accessories to Taglioni's achievements. She has something which they would give all the world to possess, something which she herself probably cannot account for, something apart, peculiar, mysterious. Why does Taglioni dance so well? Because she dances out herself. Nature has given her a peculiar frame—a frame whose natural action fulfils all the conditions necessary to perfect grace. Taglioni knows this. She very well knows that no foreign grace can be successfully engrafted upon her. Were she to imitate even some beau ideal of grace which her own imagination might possibly create, she would perhaps fail. She has only to act out herself—or rather, not to speak it profanely, she has only to let nature act itself *through* her. Her chief feature is *unconsciousness*, that feature indeed which characterizes all highest efforts in every department of thought or action. As she does every thing without toil, so she does every thing without knowledge. Were it not for the applause momentarily rained down upon her, I am satisfied that she herself would never know or feel that she moved with more than ordinary grace.

Madame Julia is *conscious* that she dances well. Her manner proclaims to you that she is thus *conscious*. She takes hardly a step which does not seem to say, "was not *that* finely executed?" There are continual drafts made on your astonishment and admiration. Sometimes you pay them, sometimes not. Taglioni leaves you at liberty to be charmed or to be indifferent. She never astonishes; nay more, she never surprises you. She only fills you with a tranquil charm and a delight. What use is it for her to whirl about, times without number, in a pirouette? What use is it for her to stand upon her left foot's great toe, with her right heel higher than her head? What use is it for her to leap aloft, and snap her feet ten times together ere they touch again the stage? Rightly she leaves these little tricks and clap-traps to inferior artists. She has another sphere. She knows enough not to "o'erstep the modesty" of that sphere. She is in the most artificial scene perhaps of all the world, and yet in every thing is she simple and unconscious as the simplest childhood. Not only does she dance well; all her pantomime is inimitable. A gentleman at my side

pronounced her *walk, alone*, to be worth a voyage across the Atlantic. It is certainly very fine, and her gesticulation is likewise marked by that indescribable beauty which characterizes the more complicated pantomime of her dance. With what captivating naïveté did she not fill the character of Fleur des Champs! Her grace ran through the entire story like a golden thread, binding together its dream-like fancies, from the time she is first seen in her cradle of roses, to the concluding moment, when in her shell she ascends to the world through the waters of old father Danube.

This ballet is, I think, one of the most delightful works of art, in its way, that I have seen. I did not regard it merely as a graceful exhibition of plastic muscle, rather as a living and breathing language, embodying a story not altogether unpoetical. It has certainly nothing of the *utile*. It is all of the *dulce*. It is all lightness, and beauty, and grace, charming away your hour of rest, and seemingly of the same unsubstantial stuff whereof dreams are made. Pronounce it ridiculous if you please. It is still a part of the great system of *means* for accomplishing this necessary end,—*the amusement of the Parisians*. So far as it illustrates a taste of the time, you cannot, hard-reasoning Utilitarian as you are, daff it aside with absolute indifference. With respect to it, even your beloved question of “What does all this *prove*?” may not be entirely in vain.

Friday night.—I have just come from seeing Taglioni in another ballet, entitled the Sylphide. This and the Fille du Danube are now the only pieces in which she performs. I was more charmed than on the former occasion. The beauty of simplicity is inexhaustible. Taglioni is the beau ideal of simplicity. Taglioni can never tire. Nay, the more I see her, the more of newness and of charm does she reveal.

What is the Sylphide? A fantastic and fairy thing, whose scenes are laid in Scotland. The curtain rising, you see a young lowland shepherd slumbering, and over him, as if in guardiance, hangs a sylph. This sylph is Taglioni. She is in white; a garland is on her head; she bears wings like those which painters have given to Psyche, and her position is that to which you have been familiarized by numberless engravings in the musical windows of Paris and London. She rises, moves her wings to cool the air which the youthful Scot breathes, awakens him by a kiss on the forehead, and while in a dreamy confusion, he pursues her moving like a phantom, she swiftly disappears *up the chimney* of the apartment. Now awaking his comrade Gurn, he asks him if he has seen that fairy form. No; Gurn has only dreamed of Effie, who, by the bye, likes the young Scot far better than him. Effie is indeed the pro.

mised bride of this young Scot. Preparations are soon made for their nuptials, in the midst of which comes in an old witch, Madge by name, who reading the palms of all the lads and virgins present, foretells, among other things, that Effie will be the wife, not of the young Scot, but of Gurn. The former is soon left alone. He is half in love with the sylph, or rather with a certain vision of his sleep, for such to him does Taglioni seem. Well, while he is musing, up rises a distant window, and the sylph appears therein. By mysterious means she sails down to where stands her beloved. She appears sad, for he is soon to marry Effie. Notwithstanding her sadness, he resolves to abide true to his Scottish bride. Taglioni now goes through some steps of surpassing grace to win him. It is all in vain. And yet if there be any thing which may worthily cheat a young man into forgetfulness, not only of his vows but of all the past, it is the style of Taglioni. She now folds around her the cloak which Effie had accidentally left behind. This trick succeeds. The recreant Scot salutes the sylph's lips. Gurn happened to see this. He gives notice to Effie and her companions that the Scot is billing and cooing with an unknown damsel. They rush in. The sylph had swiftly seated herself in a large arm-chair, over which, for concealment, is thrown Effie's cloak. Gurn suddenly jerks up said cloak, but lo! the form has vanished. Mighty is the machinery of the Academie Royale de Musique. It is complete diablerie. There is nothing like it in all the world.

I shall not detail the various events which take place ere the Scot finds himself, alas! quite disloyal to his first love, and led on, captivated by the sylph, far away into her own fairy realms. I think that never was stage scenery arranged, so as, even in any remote degree, to equal that which these realms present. It is executed by French taste, out of abundant governmental funds; and its ambition is to outrival any thing of the kind in Europe. It is indeed unique and magnificent beyond all parallel. In the theatres of my own country I had been taught to think it a pretty clever feat, if but one good-looking actress were made to soar, by the aid of ropes and wires, from the nether to the upper regions. But fancy to yourself an entire score of French nymphs, flying at the same moment through what seemed the heavens, near and far away, over meadows and among groves, while approaching on the earth from the distance, appears a band of some forty or fifty others, each in white, adorned with rose wreaths, and beating their Psyche wings, as, with Taglioni at their head, they advance and retire in every line of beauty and of grace. What a magnificent succession of *tableaux* could their successive positions have been, transferred to the canvass! Could only the lines written by Taglioni on the un-

retaining air have been traced on paper, they would have formed a study for any sculptor or painter. All seems enchantment. It is airy, and wavering, and noiseless as a dream. You hear not the fall of a single footstep. All is in motion, and all is in deep stillness. Surely there could be desired no more perfect realization of fairy land than this. The French do these things well. They understand exactly what will delight in this luxurious centre of all the world, where thousands on thousands congregate for no other mortal end than mere amusement. The ballet is a work of art. It must be executed on a grand scale, and with nicest delicacy in all its minutest details, that it may please the artificial tastes which have been created to enjoy it. It is so executed; and every night is it witnessed by thousands, thronging the immense theatre to the very roof.

The part of the young Scot was performed by an Italian named Guerra. He dances with vigour and extreme legerity. His elastic springs surprise you. His pirouettes astonish. Therein lies his genius. He twirls about swiftly and painfully long. Indeed, the wags of the theatre declare that Guerra would pirouette until doomsday did not the Police close the house each night at twelve. He, however, discloses a *consciousness*. He seems to know that he dances well. Like Madame Julia, his attitudes are continually saying, "think of *that*." It neutralizes half the effect of his fine motions.

But what is the denouement of the tale? the Scot is in fairy land. There, strange to say, the sylph plays the coquette. She delights him with her motions, but she vanishes away whenever he attempts to approach her. In these scenes is Taglioni again inimitable. It is as a sylph that she should always be seen. It is only thus that all her grace and lightness can shine out. It seems to be a character necessary for the success of one who, though *upon* the earth, seems, so far as motion is concerned, to be so little *of* the earth. The coquetry of Taglioni, the sylph, is the only amiable coquetry I have ever seen. It enabled her to reveal some new capacities of her finely moulded form. It was soon, however, to be subdued. The Scot having sought out and requested the above-mentioned Madge to give him a charm whereby he might secure the sylph, receives a crimson scarf. This he found occasion dexterously to fling around her. Embraced within its folds, her wings fall from her shoulders, and she falls dead to the earth. With the loss of her liberty has passed away her life. The Scot, of course, is inconsolable. Her sister sylphs now cluster around the lifeless form, enshroud it in a transparent veil; and while with it they slowly ascend heavenwards by the mysterious propulsion of their wings, the cur-

tain drops. Thus ends the Sylphide ; and you retire from it to your solitary chamber, doubtful, perchance, whether what you have for the last hour witnessed, be some pleasant vision of your slumbers or a substantial reality.

J. J. J.

SONG.

" I NEVER KNEW HOW SWEET A LIGHT."

I NEVER knew how sweet a light
Could beam from woman's eyes,
Till I beheld thine own, more bright
Than stars in summer skies.

I never knew how sweet a tone
A woman's voice could sing,
Till I had listened to thine own
More soft than notes of Spring.

I never knew how sweet a grace
In woman's form was seen,
Till in thy motions I could trace
The bearing of a queen.

I never knew what charms could be
Combined in only one,
Till first my heart confessed in thee
Thy sex's paragon !

HERMION.

LEAVES FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

No. 6.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

Sabbath obligations of Catholics—Sunday in Zacatecas continued—Bull-fighting, with some of its varieties—The theatres.

CHURCH going in Mexico is very different from church going in the United States, though there it is equally, I may say far more, a matter of strict religious obligation: nothing but absolute necessity can excuse a catholic for neglecting to hear mass on every day that the church requires it, be it Sunday or feast day; but if he hears one entire mass, occupying the space of thirty or forty minutes, his religious duties are complied with for that day, the remainder of which may be devoted to every species of amusement within his reach. Labour is forbidden; but with catholics pleasure is the very essence of the Lord's day. Is there a Plaza de Toros?—on Sunday it is open, morning and afternoon. Is there a Theatre?—on Sunday night behold a fuller house than on any other night in the week. It must be evident to every one who ever passed a sabbath in a catholic city, that on this point they have no religious scruples whatever; they have never been taught the commandment which says, "keep holy the sabbath day;" or they put a different construction on the words "keep holy" from that which they bear with us. Thus, in following pursuits, which in a community like ours would be in defiance of religious law and of public opinion, they commit no breach of propriety, are guilty of no dereliction of principle, and so far are innocent, and justified in adhering to their own peculiar customs. Nor is it to this particular distinction in the religious usages of the catholics that ought to be attributed the laxity of morals that is observable in their communities; because we do not find that a strict observance of the sabbath leads to general purity of morals or propriety of deportment, and it does not appear that the open and social enjoyments of which all partake in the unrestrained glee of their hearts, can have a more prejudicial effect on the character than the rash defiance of public sentiment, or weary discontent, or hypocrisy, to which rigid restrictions give rise when injudiciously exercised over the young and the thought-

less. This subject has been so ably handled in an excellent book of travels published last year,* that it would be presumption to make further comment upon it; unless it be to offer the humble tribute of my approbation to the clear-sighted, unprejudiced opinions contained in the interesting work alluded to. It would be well to imitate so fair an example, and look round on the follies and vices at home whilst we criticise the gross errors of other nations, and thus, in viewing our own defects learn to look with charity on those of others. Let us then mingle some lenity with our disapprobation as we proceed to follow the Mexicans through one of their strange, incongruous Sundays.

In the midst of the crowded business of the plaza, and the thronging backwards and forwards to mass, a singular procession comes out, a kind of living advertisement to announce the bull-fights which are to take place in the afternoon. This is composed of the heroes of the arena. The *picadores*, who fight on horseback; the *toridores*, who fight on foot; and the *matador*, all mounted, and dressed in their appropriate costumes; preceded by the *locos* (buffoons) on foot, fantastically attired, dancing, and playing a thousand ridiculous antics in time to the noisy music which accompanies them. A foolish parade it is; yet sufficient to fill the balconies with gazers, and to collect a crowd of the lower orders, who buzz around them, and join in the tricks of the buffoons. They drive the market folks to the right and left as they sweep through the plaza, and the mass-going ladies are fain to slip round out of the way to avoid them.

At two o'clock the shops are shut; the citizens retire to dinner, and drop off into the tranquilizing siesta, which seems to spread a calm over the town: the bustling and thronging is over; the donkeys disappear; the beggars crawl off to their hiding places; the very market women hang their heads like their own drooping lettuce. But as the hour draws nigh which summons them to the bull-fight, the people swarm out again in their holiday suits, and pass on towards the point of attraction, leaving the streets deserted, and resting in something like the stillness of a Sunday afternoon as it settles on a Protestant city. As it is necessary for the curious and the inquiring to move with a people into their scenes of diversion as well as into their places of worship, we will give up this more congenial season of temporary repose, and follow the senseless herd who are crowding into the amphitheatre.

There is something rather imposing in the word amphitheatre, which you fancy must lead to a building worthy of the name. Not

* "The Old World and the New."

such was the circular wooden edifice which surrounded the Plaza de Toros at Zacatecas. It seemed raised for the temporary concern, which in the sequel it proved to be, and was constructed in a very singular and awkward manner, the frame-work being composed of upright logs and beams lashed together with innumerable thongs and bands of untanned hide, across which rude planks were laid to form the floors, which, though a very uncouth looking building from without, was fitted up with something like neatness within, and answered every purpose of the Zacatecanos, being capable of containing several thousand people. All around the plaza is raised a strong high barrier of wooden bars, behind which seats are provided for the accommodation of the lower orders; then comes a range of seats in the open air, called the lunetas, sloping down towards the arena, corresponding to the pit of a theatre, but the seats running up much higher; three tiers of boxes follow, and above all, open to the sky, the crowded gallery of the plebeians; this airy seat looked the more grotesque from the long upright poles used in constructing it being left of irregular lengths, some of them shooting high above the rest of the building, on one side seen distinctly against the sky, with here and there a figure standing above the rest of the crowd, wrapped in the never-failing sarape.

In one of the boxes is stationed the person appointed as judge of the game, in full uniform; and close by stands a trumpeter, who receives his orders, and rings them forth on his brazen instrument. Immediately below, on the lunetas is placed a full band of musicians, and on the front seats of the boxes well-dressed ladies display their high head-dresses, costly shawls, and glittering fans. The box where I occasionally took my seat commanded a view, beyond the high gallery of the amphitheatre, of the rocky outline of a mountain, along the summit of which ran a line of fortifications, and adjoining them a pretty little church, which, though distant a long mile's climbing walk from Zacatecas, was seen in clear relief against the sky, and seemed to be peeping from the top of the hill into the centre of the plaza, where the picadores were idly resting on their garrochas, (very long spears, or rather strong goads, with which they are armed), and their brethren in the fight were lounging against the barriers, waiting the appearance of the enemy. It was altogether a singular scene, and on first beholding it a sensation of giddiness came over me, like that sometimes felt in viewing a large panorama. It was but a passing qualm;—the trumpet sounded;—a bull rushed into the plaza, and the cruel sport commenced. The horsemen, who are called the Picadores, are stationed near the door where the bull enters, and receive the first onset, their art consisting in parrying the attacks of the furious animal with their garrochas;

which they sometimes do with such strength and skill as call bursts of applause from the gallery and showers of dollars from the boxes; whilst the bull passes on to perhaps a less fortunate rider whom he upsets, horse and man in the dust, plunging his horns deep into the poor animal's side; there they lay struggling, the man without the power to help himself, the bull above them, tossing his bloody horns and preparing for another thrust—the man's death seems inevitable, yet your eyes are riveted to the scene, and you can scarcely suppress a scream of horror; when the toriadores fly forward waving their red flags, and call off the attention of the bull, which is immediately engaged by another picadore; whilst the fallen man limps off to the barriers as best he may, and some friend at hand disengages his saddle from the unlucky horse from whose wounds the life-blood is streaming. The man seemed more dead than alive; but in ten minutes he appears again better mounted, and galloping round the plaza waves his hat, and with a wild screech of defiance, flings it before the feet of the bull, and once more places his lance in rest. Better luck to him this time!—stand firm, poor horse—in vain!—down they both go, and the bull, in his rude impetus, plunges over them—beyond them—and ploughs the ground with his horns: but the horse is unhurt, and the man is on his feet in an instant. He doubles his fist, and buffets poor Rosinante in the face, as though he were to blame for falling; then seizing on his garrocha, he parries the next thrust on foot, turns the bull, receives a round of applause, and scrambles into his saddle; when the sound of the horn bids the picadores stand back, and leave the field to the toriadores, who are fancifully dressed in dashing suits of satin; the jacket short and gaily decorated, is sometimes of bright blue or yellow, in gaudy contrast to the rose-coloured smalls which button at the knee. These men, generally four or five in number, have no defence but red flags, with which they play before the bull, and dexterously foil his attacks, from time to time springing at the animal, and darting into his hide about the head and shoulders the barbed points of the *banderillas*—small shafts to which are attached gewgaws made of tinsel, and coloured papers cut into net-work and streamers, and fastened together in a variety of shapes: with these the head and neck of the bull become bedizened; but he is growing weary of his persecutors, his rage is spent; foaming at the mouth and moaning piteously, he trots round the plaza, eyes the barriers, and meditates escape in vain. The trumpet is heard again, and the matador steps forward with his shining sword, which, if directed by a skilful hand, soon closes the scene. Shaking his red flag and approaching the bull, he boldly courts an attack, and standing prepared, receives him on the point of the sword; down drops the poor

exhausted creature, mingling his blood with that of his victims the horses, whilst the music strikes up a joyous strain; the buffoons toss their caps in the air, dance, sing, and utter a thousand fooleries, which are answered by bursts of laughter from the gallery; the ladies chat, laugh, and flirt their fans; cool drinks are handed round, and trays of cake and confectionary; whilst below they are clearing the arena of the carcasses. These are drawn out by horses in crimson housings, which are ever at hand ready harnessed, attended by grooms in green liveries, who execute the whole business with surprising celerity, making way for the entrance of another bull.

In the meantime the uninitiated beholders of the strange spectacle feel amazed at the indifference of those around them. Sick at heart, faint, bewildered—the whole scene swims before their eyes like the confused images of a dream. The crowded seats rising circle over circle high around the blood-stained arena, and the deep blue of a cloudless sky above, serenely smiling in reproachful contrast: then the hum of the multitude, mingling with the loud melody of the musical instruments, and “ever and anon” the discordant yells of the buffoons; who may well appear the creations of a disordered fancy, with their wild antics, and absurd attire as they caper about amongst the mangled remains of the horses, or fling themselves on the body of the expiring bull. But how quickly the scene changes, as, in obedience to the trumpet’s note, another bull is ushered in, and the picadores again prepare to play the first part. These engagements of the horsemen are the only portions of the game which really excite the interest; and thus far it may be called a noble sport; seeing that courage, skill, and good horsemanship are displayed in it, and coolness and presence of mind are requisite qualities. The dangerous situations in which the picador is placed; the hair-breadth escapes of both man and horse, give an intense interest to the scene, and fascinate the attention in spite of the fear and disgust frequently excited. The merciless perseverance with which they follow up their persecutions of the poor animal to his final death, seems a gratuitous aggravation of the cruelty of the game; which continues till six bulls have fallen victims to the sword of the matador.

The men often suffer severely, and are lifted hastily over the barriers, bleeding and half lifeless; when, according to their strange customs on such occasions, a blanket is wrapped carefully over the sufferer, so as effectually to exclude the air, which we court round the head of a swooning man; whilst stepping over the front of a box, and making his way through the lunetas, a surgeon appears, who by his timely aid may preclude the necessity of the services of yonder priest, who is also winding his way down from amongst

the people towards the wounded man, to grant absolution if required. Thus are the priests justified in displaying their shaven crowns in all such assemblages. What a blessing! they say, for a dying sinner to have a holy father near to whom to unburthen his soul.

It is an old story, this fondness of the Spaniards, and of all nations descending from them, for this barbarous sport; but all their strange methods of varying it so as to increase the excitement of the game and amuse the vulgar, are not so generally known; and some of those which I have witnessed belong, I imagine, peculiarly to Mexico. I have seen young, unbroken horses introduced into the plaza de toros, with leather-clad fellows from the country, equally wild and shaggy, who, to the infinite diversion of the spectators, display their skill with the lazo in catching, throwing them, and binding them, and while thus bound equipping them with saddle and halter; after accomplishing which the cords are removed, a man suddenly springs into the saddle, away they go "neck or nought!"—the horse rearing, plunging, kicking, and using every possible effort to rid himself of the trammels and the burthen never felt before; the rider clinging there as though absolutely glued to the saddle. On this knack of holding on in spite of all odds, the Mexican horsemen greatly pride themselves, though it is not so difficult a matter as at first sight it appears; for the particular shape of their saddle greatly aids them in keeping their seats, and they do not scruple to cling fast with both hands if necessary to the high peak of the pommel, as they say it is all fair to hold on *with their teeth*, if they could, and laugh at the pride of an English rider which forbids him to use his hands in maintaining his seat, except in the proper direction of his bridle.

On other occasions donkeys become the heroes of the hour, and display an amiable equanimity, the very reverse of the fiery rage of the young horses. Their very entrance is ignominious; for the gate is thrown open at which poor toro usually makes his final exit after the matador has done his work, and in come a pair of innocent, unconscious looking asses, bearing each a clown on his back, so grotesquely arrayed and so disfigured with paint, as scarcely to resemble men. These are the picadores—each carries a long staff accordingly—and at the opposite side of the plaza, in rushes a huge toro; but you may observe he is "shorn of his beams," or, in other words, the ends of his horns have been cut off, so that he is stript of half his terrors. The clowns trot their notable steeds round the arena, each playing his part; the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*: one weeps and shivers with affected fear; the other laughs and shouts, and urges poor donkey towards the bull. The overthrow of both

is a matter of course ; but there is little harm done ; the toriadores are skipping round, ready to interfere if need be, and the chief sport consists in the comic actions of these mounted buffoons ; diverting enough to the children and to the populace, but excessively *ennuyant* to others. The patient endurance of the poor donkeys excites your compassion, and you soon grow weary of the senseless cruelty of persecuting such unresisting stupidity.

Sometimes all the bull-fighters stand aside to make way for some well-mounted men, who enter with long lazos to catch the fierce bull himself. This to a stranger is a curious and interesting sight. When the cord is thrown, the well-trained horses plant their feet, and join in the efforts of their riders, who, holding one end of the lazo in a large loop, whirl it round and round over their heads, then flinging it towards the bull, catch him by the horns, by the neck, by either of his legs, or by all fours at once, as they please to direct the lazo ; but if unluckily they should miss their aim, which rarely happens, groans and hisses, and shouts of derision ring round the amphitheatre. The bull is entangled in their snares at last, and utterly disabled ; a strong rope is passed several times round his body and securely fastened there, and a veteran rider is placed on his back, and holds fast to the rope, which is his only security in keeping his seat in addition to the particular art of balancing the body and clinging with the legs. When thus established, the bull is set free again, and the plaza is abandoned to him and his rider, who bravely keeps his seat in spite of all the mad plunges and eccentric bounds of his unwieldy steed.

It would be tedious and out of place here to enumerate more of the devices by which the Mexicans contrive to vary the amusement of the bull-fight. Let us change the scene. The shades of evening are gathering, and a turn in the quiet walks of the Alameda will be refreshing after the bewildering tumult of the amphitheatre. The pure air off the mountains may waft away the feverish disgust which follows such scenes of excitement.

It is March—the dry season has parched up every particle of vegetation that ever appears on those barren hills ; yet here, beneath these shady trees, a small stream occasionally steals its way, preserving their vigour, and leaving verdure at their feet ; and the rose-bushes that cluster beneath their loftier branches are blooming in fragrant beauty. What is there in this simple promenade that charms one so ? There is nothing remarkable in a shady walk decorated with shrubs and roses. I have wandered in far lovelier scenes, and scarcely observed that they were fair. It must be the force of contrast—the beautiful effect of shade, and bloom, and verdure, where all around is arid, dusty, stony. But there is short time to

loiter here. Our long Sunday is drawing to a close. The gentry retire to their homes for a space, and enjoy rest and refreshment on low settees, before which rugs and small carpets are spread, in their tile-paved parlours, where chocolate is handed round, followed by the ever welcome and tranquilizing cigar; to the inordinate use of which, by both sexes in the Mexican states, may be attributed much of the supine indifference which characterizes them; without expatiating on the evident impropriety of females indulging in such coarse practices, it is, besides, a habit injurious to the character as an encouragement to sloth; it fills up vacant hours, and is a never-failing excuse for idleness, and thus are formed incurable habits of indolence: *ennui* appears the constant complaint of the indolent, as a relief to which, pleasure is sought after, and the excitement of public spectacles.

The eight o'clock bells remind them that the theatre is open, and out flock the people. Once more we will join them, and crossing the plaza, pause for a moment and observe how the scene is changed since the morning. Crowds are still gathering round the stalls, where hot tortillas, smoking beans, and other common dishes, invite the hungry to a ready meal; and the women who preside at these airy eating shops squeal out their noisy advertisements, informing all within hearing of the quality and price of a supper. Small fires at the cooking stalls are shining every where over the plaza, giving it something the appearance of an encampment; and the wild, uncouth-looking figures moving about, favour the idea. A black-eyed, slip-shod lass has released her plump brown arms from the reboso, and is using them with most expressive action in aid of her rapid discourse with some dark-looking fellows in soldiers' caps; and near them, an old woman, shrivelled and bent with age, shuffles along with a pine torch in her hand. Pine knots are blazing round the stalls in every direction, and serve to light up the scene with a red and smoky glare.

The theatre is one of a long row of buildings on the upper side of the plaza, distinguishable only by the lamps, lighted above the low, mean entrance, where a file of soldiers is stationed to keep the peace—a singular employment, by the way, for warlike men. File of gentlemen too are drawn up within the doorway and near the *corredores*, many in large cloaks muffled to the chin, watching the ladies who enter with a scrutiny which has more of gallantry in it than politeness. After thus running the gauntlet between men of war and rows of men of peace—the one keeping peace with their arms, the other, making war with their eyes—you gain your box, and looking round for a minute, wonder if any thing else so small, so mean, so ill lighted, ever existed in the shape of a theatre; and

presently remember that in our own western towns you have seen theatres smaller, as mean, and as ill lighted; and Zacatecas is but a remote mining town amongst the rude mountains; a reflection that reconciles you to the gross errors and palpable deficiencies continually apparent; and such is the exemplary moderation and patience of the Mexicans, that all passes off smoothly, without the merciless groans and hisses which thunder out the disapprobation of an American audience. If they fail in punctuality, and the rusty green curtain still refuses to rise—what matter; the ladies and gentlemen form the most sociable little parties in the boxes, and laughter and merry voices resound, and presently the company in the opposite boxes are but dimly visible through the smokey vapour which fills the house, from the cigaritos that the ladies draw from their bosoms in little gold or silver cases, hand round to their friends, and partake of most freely themselves. When the curtain rises, the buzzing and smoking ceases; and if they make a patient audience, so are they a very attentive one. The performance was excellent in comedy, and as in all country theatres, execrable in tragedy; but in every piece represented, the dresses and appropriate costumes were admirably characteristic, and displayed taste, richness, and variety. The old Spanish fashion of placing the prompter on the stage is still in vogue, and has a wretched effect. He sits in front of the orchestra, concealed from the audience by a shade something like a small chaise top, behind which is an opening from below, where a seat is placed, so that only the upper part of the body appears above the stage; and there was stationed, during the whole performance, a testy little prompter, whom I have seen from a stage box, motioning to the performers, and directing them in their parts with earnest gestures, as he read through the play in a low distinct voice. The entertainment closes with a dance or a song; and so end the amusements of a Sunday in Zacatecas.

Again the scene has changed. The moon is shining now calm and pure over the quiet plaza; yet you perceive that a few beings are still left by the stands, rolled up on the ground like watch dogs, sleeping near their property, which, like themselves, is enveloped in palm matting: but the throng of the multitude is over; the busy hum of voices has died away; and only the watchman's cry is heard, as he calls piously on the Virgin, "*Ave Maria purissima*," &c., and then informs his hearers of the state of the weather and the hour of the night. Twelve o'clock!—It is time all were still. Good night!

And good night!

Yet how would it deepen the impressiveness of the scene, if to the ears of the silent sleeper could float, over valley and stream, some

WATCHMAN'S SONG TO THE VIRGIN?

Ave Maria ! purest of the pure,
 Refuge of mortals, loveliest, most secure,
 Mingle thy mild looks with fair Luna's light,
 Pour thy soft influence from the mountain's height :
 O'er thy votaries peaceful sleeping,
 O'er the Watch his vigil keeping,
 O'er the virtuous who adore thee,
 O'er the sinners who implore thee—
 Guard them, O guard them through the hours of night.
 Ave Maria ! hark, the midnight bell—
 Ave Maria ! guard our city well !

Ave Maria ! fairest of the fair,
 On angel pinions ride the viewless air,
 Hover awhile, oh ! Virgin of the sky,
 Above the humble worshippers who lie
 On the bed of tranquil slumbers,
 Whilst the Watch each hour numbers
 With zealous heart, and voice adoring,
 Queen of Heaven, thy aid imploring—
 Oh ! bear his pleadings to the throne on high.
 Ave Maria ! morn's first bell is heard—
 Ave Maria ! be our city's guard !

THE TOTEM.

BY A. B. STREET.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT a year subsequent to the events related in our last chapter, a small company of rangers, under the command of a young provincial officer, occupied a block-house situated a few leagues from the fort of Oswego in western New-York, then the theatre of active operations of the two belligerent powers.

The building was composed of rude logs, and placed in the midst of an open semicircular space, bounded by a deep narrow ravine, through which rushed a small but impetuous stream, and the dense leafy barriers of the universal forests. Within a few feet of the block-house were three or four old hemlocks, lifting their huge trunks and skeleton, leafless branches covered with thick coats of hanging moss.

The sun was setting and tinging the black masses of cloud that curtained the sky with streaks of lurid and sullied red. Seated within the area, and on the very verge of the ravine, were two officers in the military garb of the American provinces.

"A gloomy spot, Lieutenant Grey," observed the elder of the two, looking through a chasm formed by the high broken precipitous walls of the ravine; "yon torrent has a fearful depth of bed," catching through the hanging branches and clustering thickets glimpses of dashing foam, where the cataract shot through its narrow limits, roaring like some infuriated Titan chained in a hollow of the earth and struggling for his freedom. "Do you think, Grey," resumed he, glancing across the yawning throat of the ravine, "one could leap this chasm if life depended on the effort?"

"With such a platform to receive him," answered Grey, pointing to a ledge jutting from the opposite bank.

"I cannot tell why, Grey, but this spot throws a gloom over my feelings. As I look at those dashing surges beneath, they seem to have some connection with my future fate. Have you never felt a foreboding, a presentiment, as it were, of impending evil?"

"I can't say that I have," answered Grey, smiling.

There was a silence which was soon interrupted by Grey.

"I am glad Colonel Mercer has not forgotten us. When shall we expect the reinforcements?"

Receiving no answer, Grey turned round, and found his companion gazing fixedly on the chasm. "Captain—Captain Melancourt! excuse me, sir, but when do you expect the reinforcements from Colonel Mercer?"

"To-morrow," answered Melancourt, rousing from his reverie, "his despatches inform me; but let us in, the wind is chilly from the forests. We shall have a tempestuous night." And rising, the two officers made their way into the block-house.

Night closed around tempestuously and darkly. Along the sky were piled clouds in gigantic shapes, between which streamed now and then an evanescent glance of moonlight, with here and there a solitary star. At intervals the huge forms would rush and roll under the influence of the sweeping blasts, like the billows of ocean in a storm, and then again would settle heavily and sluggishly in their deep and universal frown.

Melancourt stood on the platform of the block-house, now watching the ragged masses shooting above with the velocity of lightning, now gazing over the thick darkness that brooded on the scene, and now listening to the heavy gusts that, crashing through the forests, rushed around the building in hoarse and whistling sounds. A glare of moonlight breaking from the parted edges of a cloud, disclosed to his view the group of old hemlocks—their withered and jagged branches leaping, as it were, out of the darkness under the effect of the sudden and transitory gleam. After they had shrunk back in the gloom, his eye was still fixed upon them, so spectral had been their appearance, when he became sensible of spots of red light moving and glancing near the earth where he knew they were planted.

As he crouched behind the parapet, and looked through an embrasure, he saw a fierce gleam spring up, instantly enlarging into a volume of flame that wreathed around the shaft of a hemlock in darting and spiral curls like the flashing convolutions of a fiery serpent. This was succeeded by another and another, till the whole group of trees was wrapped in the crimson mantle of the devouring element, and in the glare shed around, the young soldier saw numerous wild figures that he discovered to be Indians, some with torches pointing to the devoted block-house with the malignant joy of successful demons. Hastily descending to the lower apartment, he found his soldiers apprised of their situation by the light which was flashing through the loop-holes of the little fort. Posting them at their different stations, he commanded them to fire at the forms that were dancing with frantic gestures around the conflagration.

The order being instantly obeyed, the air re-echoed with a fierce burst of savage war-whoops, sounding on every side of the block-house. Taking Grey aside, Melancourt said,

"We are surrounded, Lieutenant; should the block-house catch fire, as I fear it will, we must cut our way through. The depth of the ravine excludes all hopes of aid from the water, even should their rifles allow us to make the effort. See how the flames stream towards us in the wind, as if greedy for their prey," added he, glancing through a loop-hole; and, as they ascended the ladder that led to the platform, and opened the trap-door, he exclaimed, "the hot coals are falling in showers upon our roof, and, by heaven! it is smoking now in many places." At this moment two of the trees, that were towering like blazing pyramids, rocked fearfully in one of the violent gusts which came roaring from the forest, and at last, with a thundering crash, toppled headlong upon the block-house, covering the platform with their fiery fragments. The dry materials were soon enveloped in flames; which sight seemed still more to excite the savages, as yell pealed on yell and shouts of derision testified.

"Our path lies through the whooping fiends," said Melancourt as he descended with his companion; "grasp your weapons, my boys, and sally upon them!" The entrance was thrown open, and the little band rushed out upon the throng of savages, who had all left their leafy fastnesses, and stood waiting for the appearance of their prey with the ferocity of lurking tigers. A crash of rifles and a whistling of bullets, mingled with ferocious yells, met the rush of the band from the tottering fort—the thunder of blazing rafters succeeded, and then a leaping of tawny forms, and a flashing of brandished tomahawks.

Melancourt, sword in hand, was advancing forward at the head of his company, when that leaden hail poured upon his ranks. As Grey fell dead at his feet, he heard a shrill whoop of exultation, and saw the tall form of an Indian warrior speeding with terrible bounds upon him. At the same instant that a shot struck his right arm powerless, he felt the iron grasp of the savage upon his throat.

Consternation was mingled with surprise in the bosom of the youth when he saw in his assailant, by the strong glare of the flames, the eagle-plumed warrior he imagined he had slain in the battle of the Monongahela.

The yells of triumph, the shrieks and groans of the dying, the crashing of the falling building, blended in one horrible concert as Melancourt was borne, bound and struggling, away by two of his wild foemen, and brought to his mind the sickening conviction of the fate of his unfortunate soldiers. The scalping knife and toma-

hawk were never known to spare except for the purposes of torture, which last he felt to be his own doom. He was carried some little distance in the forest, and thrust into a cave in a ledge of rocks. Barely had he touched the cold earthen floor, before the anguish of his wound and the loss of blood he had endured plunged him into a state of utter insensibility. Recovering from this but to relapse into a torpor, which was but the counterfeit of sleep, he was at last aroused by the entrance of his two conductors, who led him from the cavern. The unclouded sunbeams were shining into the forest, and glittering on the weapons and ornaments of a savage crowd surrounding an upright stake. To it the young Virginian was led and firmly bound with thongs, while a heap of combustibles was collected around him. Nought met his gaze, wandering in the restlessness of misery and despair, but a wall of wild forms and ferocious visages, with gleaming eyes fixed upon him in deepest silence. A movement was now susceptible in one part of the group, and, striding through the space, the lofty form of the plumaged warrior stood before the helpless and suffering youth.

His hand clutched his crimsoned tomahawk ; from his belt hung scalps clotted with blood ; and his light beaver robe showed the same ruddy coagulated drops.

He rolled his fierce snake-like eye upon the young soldier, and for a short space surveyed him with a glance in which triumph was mingled with the most demoniac hate. At length a disdainful smile crossed his features, and, with a writhing lip, he exclaimed in the English tongue—

“The long knife of the pale face has been red with the blood of Onwawisset ; but he still lives.”

No answer was returned by Melancourt, although the gaze of the savage was exchanged by a glance as haughty.

“Is the young chief afraid now that he faces the warriors of the Eagle ?” resumed the Indian with a sneer ; “does he tremble too much to speak to their Sachem ?”

This insult aroused the angry feelings of the soldier to such a degree that they overcame his prudence, and he exclaimed,

“Do what you will, but know I can meet my fate with as much firmness as any barbarian of you all.”

The chief again smiled disdainfully, although the flashing of his eye showed that the epithet had been understood and felt.

“Onwawisset is glad that the ears of the pale face are not shut. Are his eyes opened wide that he can see ?” removing his robe, and displaying a scar upon his breast. “What has the young Chief to say ? Can he tell the Sachem of the Eagle he did not make that mark, and not lie ?”

Again the youth vouchsafed not an answer.

"Is the young Chief again a woman?" tauntingly resumed the savage; "call the girls of my tribe, that they may talk to him; he cannot speak to a warrior."

"Base fiend!" shouted Melancourt, lifted above the thoughts of death by the sneers of his enemy; "I defy you! this arm inflicted the wound; would it had reached your life."

The tomahawk of the Indian was lifted, his teeth grated, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire; but the action was checked as a revulsion of feeling came across his countenance.

"The stake shall not be robbed by my tomahawk. But let the white slave listen," said he fiercely; "he has shed the blood of Onwawisset, who is a great Chief, whose father was a Sachem, whose tribe is the tribe of the Eagle. Many moons passed away before he could be again on the war path; he was a woman, and whining like a dying panther while the warriors of his tribe were adding scalps to their belts. The long knife of the pale face made Onwawisset a woman," growled the Chief in tones of kindling rage; "he did that which the young men of the Maquas have often tried, and failed. But the Sachem has been long on his trail. He said to his young men, let the pale face be taken for the torture. The tribe of the Eagle are brave;—he is here. But his hour is come; Onwawisset will burn out the heart of his slave."

Lashed to the utmost pitch of fury, with a piercing whoop which was echoed by the throng around, the savage snatched a burning knot of pine from one who was pressing eagerly on the captive; with one hand he rent the garment from the breast of the youth, with the other he thrust the flame of the torch so near that it scorched the naked skin. But something arrested his motion—he started—recoiled—while his eyes seemed as if bursting from their sockets. Full on the exposed breast was the tattooed representation of the Eagle, with the names of Melancourt and Joscelyn, and the circle of mimic wampum.

Doubt, wonder, fear, successively flitted across the countenance of the red warrior as he gazed. He advanced, stepped back, and then rushing to the youth, he placed both hands on his shoulders, and looked with fixed attention into his eyes, as though to pierce his soul.

While the savage was thus agitated by his conflicting feelings, a sudden thought, carrying with it conviction, flashed across the mind of Melancourt. But the words springing to his lips were anticipated by the Indian, who exclaimed, in broken accents,

"Has the Great Spirit sent back one who has long since departed to the land of souls, to make Onwawisset a coward? That

totem—it was made by him, in his days of blossoms, on the breast of his white brother. Let the young Chief speak ; there is something in his eye that stirs the heart of the Sachem.”

“Joscelyn !” exclaimed the youth. Lightning is not more rapid than the start which the young Chief again gave ; and while an expression of tenderness shot across his visage, with one blow of his tomahawk he severed the thongs that bound Melancourt to the stake.

“Behold !” said he, turning to the crowd of savages, and pointing to the bosom of the youth, “behold, warriors of the Eagle, the totem of your tribe ! Onwawisset claims the captive for his brother.”

Surprise appeared to be first predominant in the circle, each looking at the other in the profoundest silence. But while Melancourt was congratulating himself upon his escape, a warrior stepped from the assemblage, and placing himself before the young Sachem, exclaimed,

“Has Onwawisset drank of the wysoccan, that he would save the pale face from the torture ? Has he been so long on his trail to make him his brother ?”

“Onwawisset is your Chief—he has said it ;” answered the young Indian, haughtily.

“He is a great warrior although his years are few. But he is laughing with his people—he cannot mean to set free the pale face.”

“Listen, Wahalaka,” said the young Chief fiercely, elevating his lofty form ; “I am of a race of Sachems. I have said the pale-face shall be my brother. He shall be taken to my lodge.”

“Wahalaka,” resumed the other, fixing his eye, “sees again the battle in the woods. Onwawisset is there with his people, and the people of his French father. The bloody Yengeese are caught in the long grass. The warriors of the Eagle shout as they tear the scalps from their enemies. But who is that writhing on the earth like a crushed snake ? it is Onwawisset ; and over him stands the pale-face, with his long knife dripping with the blood of the Sachem.”

The peculiar feelings of an Indian warrior, stirred by this artful appeal, appeared to be again wakening in the bosom of Onwawisset ; for his eye gleamed, and he turned fiercely to Melancourt ; but the impulse was momentary. Grasping the hand of the youth, he addressed himself to his subordinate with great dignity, and with a gesture as if motioning him away.

“Go ; Onwawisset has heard enough from his warrior. He has not two tongues like a serpent ; what he says he will do. Let my young men depart, and prepare my lodge for my brother.”

As he turned away with the hand of Melancourt still locked in his, Wahalaka, frenzied by his disappointment, shouting “Areskoni

shall have his sacrifice !" bounded with a startling yell to the side, and raised his knife, pointed at the throat of the Virginian. The tomahawk of Onwawisset made a rapid glittering circle in the air, and hissing as it fell, down dropped the ferocious Wahalaka, and expired at the feet of the Sachem. Fronting his tribe, who stood gazing on the scene with bewildered looks, the young Chief lifted his streaming hatchet.

"Tribe of the Eagle !" exclaimed he rapidly, "the father of Onwawisset was a Sachem of your nation. When the Manitto told him to prepare to tread the path of shadows, I was a feeble boy. When the old pine fell, the sapling that grew from its roots would have perished if my white father, whose hairs were like the moss of the aged hemlock, had not protected it. But I have often told it to you at the council fire ; it is enough. My brother," pointing to Melancourt, "is the son of my white father."

Whether the young Sachem had calculated too surely on his influence over, or the aptitude of, his tribe, certain it was that his speech was received with less satisfaction than he anticipated. The gleams of anger that had crossed their wild visages at the death of Wahalaka were not dissipated by the discovery of the son of their Sachem's benefactor in the person of their captive. Low mutterings of wrath ran throughout the circle, and fiery eyes were rendered still more ferocious by the roused passions of the savage nature in possession of a being, and that, too, a member of the hated race on which those passions could be wreaked in torture and flame.

Somewhat staggered by the fierce exhibitions of fury, which, once let loose, the influence of chieftainship would prove frail and insufficient, Onwawisset reared his lofty form, and lowering his tomahawk with his left, extended his right arm towards the tumultuous group, and said, in low deep tones of reproach—

"Are not the warriors of the Eagle satisfied ? Will they tear my brother from me, and bind him to the stake before the eyes of their Sachem. Has the Eagle become a wolf, that it is so ravenous for blood ? Are they all Wahalakas ?"

A yell so loud, so vindictive, so demon-like, burst from the throng that Melancourt involuntarily shuddered, and pressed closer to the form of the youthful chieftain. Glancing rapidly around the terrific circle of human fiends, Onwawisset saw, in their writhing countenances, and the grasping of their knives and tomahawks, that the fate of the captive was sealed. He gave one look to the unfortunate Melancourt—a look of indescribable emotion, and then in a hoarse voice said—

"My people have spoken, the pale-face must die ;" and then, as a

whoop of triumph resounded through the air, elevating his voice to a tone like thunder, added, "he is weak and faint ; my tribe will not let him die like a woman ; let him rest and eat to-night, so that to-morrow he may sing his death-song like a warrior."

"Have you, Joscelyn, deserted me?" said Melancourt in accents of despair ; but he spoke to ears that were closed to entreaty. "Is this your gratitude?" added he, grasping the robe of the Chief, as a fierce-looking savage proceeded to bind his arms with a taunting laugh.

"May God help me," exclaimed he, as Onwawisset turned upon him a countenance that seemed hardened into marble, so destitute was it of sympathy or hope, "for I am indeed helpless."

The proposition of the Sachem, although it deferred the hour when they could glut their ferocious feelings, seemed to have found favour in the eyes of the savages, and accordingly Melancourt was again thrust, bound hand and foot, in the cavern. He was now in utter darkness, the Indians having firmly blocked the entrance, and a prey to those emotions natural to a man severed from all human help, and in the power of those, than whom the wild beasts were not more blood-thirsty and merciless.

In the meanwhile the frequent whoops and bursts of irregular, but solemn chanting, proclaimed that the dance by which these children of Nature celebrated their triumph in the possession of their victim was now progressing, and soon the wild shouts and loud laughs of savage merriment also showed that they had plunged in those unrestrained and drunken orgies that usually ended the terrific ceremony. The rude food which had been placed before the captive was left untouched, and his blood curdled as he listened to the boisterous din without, which he knew was the prelude to those tortures he was to endure at the dawn. Hour after hour crept by—the sounds had long since ceased—the chirp of the cricket and the occasional rustle of some reptile only echoing in the stillness of the cavern, and he was fast sinking in the apathy of despair. Was it fancy, or did he hear the sound of a voice in the darkness? The next, a hand fell upon his shoulder, and as he started, expecting the blow of the tomahawk, the tones of the young Sachem fell upon his ear.

"Is my brother awake?"

"Away, cruel and ungrateful savage!" answered Melancourt in resentful accents. "Leave me to my fate ; or if you have come for that purpose, sink at once your hatchet into my brain ; that will at least save me from the hands of yon ferocious demons, who bear the forms but not the hearts of men."

"The brother of Joscelyn is angry with him. Does he think," added the young Sachem, in broken accents of the deepest reproach,

"that Joscelyn would leave him to die? Does he think that the days when we were both young and happy are hid from the soul of Onwawisset? No!" cried he, as he cut with the greatest rapidity the thongs from the hands and feet of the captive; "my brother shall not die while Joscelyn lives. I thought," continued he in a tone of anguish, "when my warriors whooped, that I heard the cry of your gray-haired father calling for his son. Onwawisset's heart is not rock; I felt it melt within me. The eyes of a Chief," wringing the hand of Melancourt, "were wet like a woman's when she clasps her dying child. But enough; Joscelyn's heart is his brother's, it will protect him; his blood is his brother's, it will flow for him. Listen;" thrusting a rifle into his hands, "the warriors of the Eagle have drank the fire-water till they sleep like bears in the season of snows. Joscelyn will lead out his brother, and no eye will be open to see. He will take him to the stone lodge of his people by the great lake, where he will be safe. Onwawisset is the Sachem of his tribe, but Joscelyn is the slave of his brother."

"I thought the salt waves had long since closed over your head and my white father's," continued the Chief, as he led Melancourt along the windings of the cavern in a direction opposite to the entrance. Melancourt in a few words informed him of the false report concerning the death of his father and himself.

"Do the winters fly lightly over the white hair?" resumed Onwawisset in tones of the deepest affection; "is the old oak bowed?"

The Virginian again satisfied the faithful Indian by assuring him of his father's prosperity from the last tidings he had received.

They had now arrived at the opening, and it was with a feeling of grateful joy that Melancourt felt the cool breeze once more breathing over his cheek, bringing with it the certainty of liberty.

It was night, and the moon was in her zenith, quenching the near stars in her excess of splendor, and casting her sprinkled silver through the thick embowering foliage of the forest. Scattered here and there, some in the chequered light and some in shadow, were the forms of the savages, stretched in the lethargy caused by their copious intoxicating libations. Through this array of enemies was the path of the Sachem and his friend. Cautiously Onwawisset passed amid the group, followed by Melancourt, hardly breathing in the excitement and anxiety of the moment. They had passed but a short distance, and the Virginian had but just stepped over a huge cluster of roots that lay massed in the darkness cast by the leaves overhead, when to his astonishment and consternation the supposed cluster sprang from the earth with a loud whoop. Catching Melancourt by the arm, Onwawisset darted on one side to a deep hollow formed by the falling of a huge trunk, and black with the sha-

dow thrown by the broad mass of roots imbedded in the earth torn from its surface by the fall. Casting themselves prostrate, they heard the scene, late so silent, re-echo with shouts and yells in every direction. Apparently the truth had not yet been fully ascertained, for the savage, awakened by the foot of Melancourt, had not sufficiently recovered from his surprise to identify to a certainty the fugitives before they were hidden from his view. But it was soon to be discovered. Not daring to stir from the cover, Onwawisset was peeping through the fern fringe on the side of the hollow, when he grasped the arm of the Virginian, who, looking in the direction where the Sachem was pointing, saw the flashing of torches around the mouth of the cavern. The yells had in a measure ceased in front, but a loud burst of whoops, sent from around the cave, announced that the flight of the captive was discovered. Then, as the torches glided rapidly towards the concealment, Onwawisset whispering, "to the ravine and hide," sprang to his feet, followed by his companion, and together they fled through the forest in front. A fresh burst of yells to the left and in the rear added wings to their footsteps. They had now reached the open space where the moonlight, spread over like a silver carpet, displayed the blackened ashes of the block-house and the scattered remains of Melancourt's unfortunate band, but offering no friendly shadow to conceal the flight of the fugitives. But beyond this broad sheet of light was the ravine, spreading its edges of darkness. So rapid had been their flight, they had apparently distanced their pursuers; and the heart of Melancourt warmed by the prospect of safety seemingly afforded by the abyss. They had now reached the ravine at the point indicated by the young soldier in the opening of this chapter.

The Sachem and the Virginian sprang together over the chasm upon the jutting ledge; but as Onwawisset was in the act of plunging into the gloom of the ravine, a shot resounded from the opposite thicket, and he saw the form of his friend totter fearfully on the brink of the platform; the next, and the horror-struck Indian beheld him precipitated into the gloom beneath; but a streak of moonlight displays him clinging to a branch. Grasp with all thy ebbing strength, young soldier! for beneath thee are the deadly surges—the spray even now mingles with the gushing blood from thy side—the roar echoes terrifically in thy ears! In vain—in vain; the faithless bough is bending with thy weight—it cracks—it parts! What is that shrill sound which instantly is drowned in the thunderings of the torrent? It is the death-shriek of Melancourt.

Maddened by the sight, as the Indian who had caused the destruction of his friend with a triumphant shout appeared on the edge

of the abyss, Onwawisset again leaped the chasm, and with one blow of his tomahawk laid him dead upon the earth.

Then rearing his form proudly, he shouted to an advancing body of the yelling pursuers as he dashed the plume from his brow—

“The warriors of the Eagle are cowards! Onwawisset scorns to be their Sachem; he goes to join his brother in the land of shadows!” and, with a piercing whoop, he leaped into the frightful gloom that rested upon the wild and dashing sepulchre of waters.

Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SOLITARY MAN.

My poor friend “Oberon”—for let me be allowed to distinguish him by so quaint a name—sleeps with the silent of ages. He died calmly. Though his disease was pulmonary, his life did not flicker out like a wasted lamp, sometimes shooting up into a strange temporary brightness; but the tide of being ebbed away, and the moon of his existence waned till, in the simple phraseology of Scripture, “he was not.” The last words he said to me were, “Burn my papers—all that you can find in yonder escritoire; for I fear there are some there which you may be betrayed into publishing. I have published enough; as for the old disconnected journal in your possession ——” But here my poor friend was checked in his utterance by that same hollow cough which would never let him alone. So he coughed himself tired, and sunk to slumber. I watched from that midnight hour till high noon on the morrow for his waking. The chamber was dark; till, longing for light, I opened the window-shutter, and the broad day looked in on the marble features of the dead!

I religiously obeyed his instructions with regard to the papers in the escritoire, and burned them in a heap without looking into one, though sorely tempted. But the old journal I kept. Perhaps in strict conscience I ought also to have burned that; but, casting my eye over some half-torn leaves the other day, I could not resist an impulse to give some fragments of it to the public. To do this satisfactorily, I am obliged to twist this thread, so as to string together into a semblance of order my Oberon’s “random pearls.”

If any body that holds any commerce with his fellow-men can be called solitary, Oberon was a "solitary man." He lived in a small village at some distance from the metropolis, and never came up to the city except once in three months for the purpose of looking into a book-store, and of spending two hours and a half with me. In that space of time I would tell him all that I could remember of interest which had occurred in the interim of his visits. He would join very heartily in the conversation; but as soon as the time of his usual tarrying had elapsed, he would take up his hat and depart. He was unequivocally the most original person I ever knew. His style of composition was very charming. No tales that have ever appeared in our popular journals have been so generally admired as his. But a sadness was on his spirit; and this, added to the shrinking sensitiveness of his nature, rendered him not misanthropic, but singularly averse to social intercourse. Of the disease, which was slowly sapping the springs of his life, he first became fully conscious after one of those long abstractions in which he was so wont to indulge. It is remarkable, however, that his first idea of this sort, instead of deepening his spirit with a more melancholy hue, restored him to a more natural state of mind.

He had evidently cherished a secret hope that some impulse would at length be given him, or that he would muster sufficient energy of will to return into the world, and act a wiser and happier part than his former one. But life never called the dreamer forth; it was Death that whispered him. It is to be regretted that this portion of his old journal contains so few passages relative to this interesting period; since the little which he has recorded, though melancholy enough, breathes the gentleness of a spirit newly restored to communion with its kind. If there be any thing bitter in the following reflections, its source is in human sympathy, and its sole object is himself.

"It is hard to die without one's happiness; to none more so than myself, whose early resolution it had been to partake largely of the joys of life, but never to be burthened with its cares. Vain philosophy! The very hardships of the poorest laborer, whose whole existence seems one long toil, has something preferable to my best pleasures.

Merely skimming the surface of life, I know nothing, by my own experience, of its deep and warm realities. I have achieved none of those objects which the instinct of mankind especially prompts them to pursue, and the accomplishment of which must therefore beget a native satisfaction. The truly wise, after all their speculations, will be led into the common path, and, in homage to the human nature that pervades them, will gather gold, and till the

earth, and set out trees, and build a house. But I have scorned such wisdom. I have rejected, also, the settled, sober, careful gladness of a man by his own fireside, with those around him whose welfare is committed to his trust and their guidance to his fond authority. Without influence among serious affairs, my footsteps were not imprinted on the earth, but lost in air; and I shall leave no son to inherit my share of life, with a better sense of its privileges and duties, when his father should vanish like a bubble; so that few mortals, even the humblest and the weakest, have been such ineffectual shadows in the world, or die so utterly as I must. Even a young man's bliss has not been mine. With a thousand vagrant fantasies, I have never truly loved, and perhaps shall be doomed to loneliness throughout the eternal future, because, here on earth, my soul has never married itself to the soul of woman.

Such are the repinings of one who feels, too late, that the sympathies of his nature have avenged themselves upon him. They have frustrated, with a joyless life and the prospect of a reluctant death, my selfish purpose to keep aloof from mortal disquietudes, and be a pleasant idler among care-stricken and laborious men. I have other regrets, too, savoring more of my old spirit. The time has been when I meant to visit every region of the earth, except the Poles and central Africa. I had a strange longing to see the Pyramids. To Persia and Arabia, and all the gorgeous East, I owed a pilgrimage for the sake of their magic tales. And England, the land of my ancestors! Once I had fancied that my sleep would not be quiet in the grave unless I should return, as it were, to my home of past ages, and see the very cities, and castles, and battle-fields of history, and stand within the holy gloom of its cathedrals, and kneel at the shrines of its immortal poets, there asserting myself their hereditary countryman. This feeling lay among the deepest in my heart. Yet, with this home-sickness for the father-land, and all these plans of remote travel,—which I yet believe that my peculiar instinct impelled me to form, and upbraided me for not accomplishing—the utmost limit of my wanderings has been little more than six hundred miles from my native village. Thus, in whatever way I consider my life, or what must be termed such, I cannot feel as if I have lived at all.

I am possessed, also, with the thought that I have never yet discovered the real secret of my powers; that there has been a mighty treasure within my reach, a mine of gold beneath my feet, worthless because I have never known how to seek for it; and for want of perhaps one fortunate idea, I am to die

“Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.”

Once, amid the troubled and tumultuous enjoyment of my life, there was one dreary thought that haunted me,—the terrible necessity imposed on mortals to grow old or die. I could not bear the idea of losing one youthful grace. True: I saw other men, who had once been young and now were old, enduring their age with equanimity, because each year reconciled them to its own added weight. But for myself, I felt that age would be not less miserable, creeping upon me slowly, than if it fell at once. I sometimes looked in the glass, and endeavored to fancy my cheeks yellow and interlaced with furrows, my forehead wrinkled deeply across, the top of my head bald and polished, my eye-brows and side-locks iron-gray, and a grisly beard sprouting on my chin. Shuddering at the picture, I changed it for the dead face of a young man, with dark locks clustering heavily round its pale beauty, which would decay, indeed, but not with years, nor in the sight of men. The latter visage shocked me least.

Such a repugnance to the hard conditions of long life is common to all sensitive and thoughtful men, who minister to the luxury, the refinements, the gaiety and lightsomeness, to any thing, in short, but the real necessities of their fellow-creatures. He who has a part in the serious business of life, though it be only as a shoemaker, feels himself equally respectable in youth and age, and therefore is content to live, and look forward to wrinkles and decrepitude in their due season. It is far otherwise with the busy idlers of the world. I was particularly liable to this torment, being a meditative person in spite of my levity. The truth could not be concealed, nor the contemplation of it avoided. With deep inquietude I became aware that what was graceful now, and seemed appropriate enough to my age of flowers, would be ridiculous in middle life; and that the world, so indulgent to the fantastic youth, would scorn the bearded man, still telling love-tales, loftily ambitious of a maiden's tear, and squeezing out, as it were, with his brawny strength, the essence of roses. And in his old age the sweet lyrics of Anacreon made the girls laugh at his white hairs the more. With such sentiments, conscious that my part in the drama of life was fit only for a youthful performer, I nourished a regretful desire to be summoned early from the scene. I set a limit to myself, the age of twenty-five, few years indeed, but too many to be thrown away. Scarcely had I thus fixed the term of my mortal pilgrimage, than the thought grew into a presentiment that, when the space should be completed, the world would have one butterfly the less, by my far flight.

Oh, how fond I was of life, even while allotting, as my proper destiny, an early death! I loved the world, its cities, its villages, its grassy roadsides, its wild forests, its quiet scenes, its gay, warm,

enlivening bustle ; in every aspect, I loved the world so long as I could behold it with young eyes and dance through it with a young heart. The earth had been made so beautiful, that I longed for no brighter sphere, but only an ever youthful eternity in this. I clung to earth as if my beginning and ending were to be there, unable to imagine any but an earthly happiness, and choosing such, with all its imperfections, rather than perfect bliss which might be alien from it. Alas ! I had not yet known that weariness by which the soul proves itself ethereal."

Turning over the old journal, I open, by chance, upon a passage which affords a signal instance of the morbid fancies to which Oberon frequently yielded himself. Dreams like the following were probably engendered by the deep gloom sometimes thrown over his mind by his reflections on death.

"I dreamed that one bright forenoon I was walking through Broadway, and seeking to cheer myself with the warm and busy life of that far-famed promenade. Here a coach thundered over the pavement, and there an unwieldy omnibus, with spruce gigs rattling past, and horsemen prancing through all the bustle. On the side-walk people were looking at the rich display of goods, the plate and jewelry, or the latest caricature in the booksellers' windows ; while fair ladies and whiskered gentlemen tripped gaily along, nodding mutual recognitions, or shrinking from some rough countryman or sturdy laborer whose contact might have ruffled their finery. I found myself in this animated scene, with a dim and misty idea that it was not my proper place, or that I had ventured into the crowd with some singularity of dress or aspect which made me ridiculous. Walking in the sunshine, I was yet cold as death. By degrees, too, I perceived myself the object of universal attention, and, as it seemed, of horror and affright. Every face grew pale ; the laugh was hushed, and the voices died away in broken syllables ; the people in the shops crowded to the doors with a ghastly stare, and the passengers on all sides fled as from an embodied pestilence. The horses reared and snorted. An old beggar woman sat before St. Paul's church, with her withered palm stretched out to all, but drew it back from me, and pointed to the graves and monuments in that populous church-yard. Three lovely girls, whom I had formerly known, ran shrieking across the street. A personage in black, whom I was about to overtake, suddenly turned his head, and showed the features of a long-lost friend. He gave me a look of horror and was gone.

I passed not one step further, but threw my eyes on a looking-glass which stood deep within the nearest shop. At the first glimpse of my own figure I awoke, with a horrible sensation of

self-terror and self-loathing. No wonder that the affrighted city fled! I had been promenading Broadway in my shroud!"

I should be doing injustice to my friend's memory, were I to publish other extracts even nearer to insanity than this, from the scarcely legible papers before me. I gather from them,—for I do not remember that he ever related to me the circumstances,—that he once made a journey, chiefly on foot, to Niagara. Some conduct of the friends among whom he resided in his native village was construed by him into oppression. These were the friends to whose care he had been committed by his parents, who died when Oberon was about twelve years of age. Though he had always been treated by them with the most uniform kindness, and though a favourite among the people of the village rather on account of the sympathy which they felt in his situation than from any merit of his own, such was the waywardness of his temper, that on a slight provocation he ran away from the home that sheltered him, expressing openly his determination to die sooner than return to the detested spot. A severe illness overtook him after he had been absent about four months. While ill, he felt how unsoothing were the kindest looks and tones of strangers. He rose from his sick bed a better man, and determined upon a speedy self-atonement by returning to his native town. There he lived, solitary and sad, but forgiven and cherished by his friends till the day he died. That part of the journal which contained a description of this journey is mostly destroyed. Here and there is a fragment. I cannot select, for the pages are very scanty; but I do not withhold the following fragments, because they indicate a better and more cheerful frame of mind than the foregoing.

"On reaching the ferry-house, a rude structure of boards at the foot of the cliff, I found several of these wretches devoid of poetry, and lost some of my own poetry by contact with them. The hut was crowded by a party of provincials—a simple and merry set, who had spent the afternoon fishing near the Falls, and were bartering black and white bass and eels for the ferryman's whiskey. A greyhound and three spaniels, brutes of much more grace and decorous demeanor than their masters, sat at the door. A few yards off, yet wholly unnoticed by the dogs, was a beautiful fox, whose countenance betokened all the sagacity attributed to him in ancient fable. He had a comfortable bed of straw in an old barrel, whither he retreated, flourishing his bushy tail as I made a step towards him, but soon came forth and surveyed me with a keen and intelligent eye. The Canadians bartered their fish and drank their whiskey, and were loquacious on trifling subjects, and merry

at simple jests, with as little regard to the scenery as they could have shown to the flattest part of the Grand Canal. Nor was I entitled to despise them; for I amused myself with all those foolish matters of fishermen, and dogs, and fox, just as if Sublimity and Beauty were not married at that place and moment; as if their nuptial band were not the brightest of all rainbows on the opposite shore; as if the gray precipice were not frowning above my head and Niagara thundering around me.

The grim ferryman, a black-whiskered giant, half drunk withal, now thrust the Canadians by main force out of his door, launched a boat, and bade me sit down in the stern-sheets. Where we crossed the river was white with foam, yet did not offer much resistance to a straight passage, which brought us close to the outer edge of the American falls. The rainbow vanished as we neared its misty base, and when I leaped ashore, the sun had left all Niagara in shadow."

"A sound of merriment, sweet voices and girlish laughter, came dancing through the solemn roar of waters. In old times, when the French and afterwards the English, held garrisons near Niagara, it used to be deemed a feat worthy of a soldier, a frontier man, or an Indian, to cross the rapids to Goat Island. As the country became less rude and warlike, a long space intervened, in which it was but half believed, by a faint and doubtful tradition, that mortal foot had ever trod this wild spot of precipice and forest clinging between two cataracts. The island is no longer a tangled forest, but a grove of stately trees, with grassy intervals about their roots and woodland paths among their trunks. There was neither soldier nor Indian here now, but a vision of three lovely girls, running brief races through the broken sunshine of the grove, hiding behind the trees, and pelting each other with the cones of the pine. When their sport had brought them near me, it so happened that one of the party ran up and shook me by the hand—a greeting which I heartily returned, and would have done the same had it been tenderer. I had known this wild little black-eyed lass in my youth and her childhood, before I had commenced my rambles.

We met on terms of freedom and kindness, which elder ladies might have thought unsuitable with a gentleman of my description. When I alluded to the two fair strangers, she shouted after them by their Christian names, at which summons, with grave dignity, they drew near, and honored me with a distant curtesy. They were from the upper part of Vermont. Whether sisters, or cousins, or at all related to each other, I cannot tell; but they are planted in my memory like 'two twin roses on one stem,' with the

fresh dew in both their bosoms; and when I would have pure and pleasant thoughts, I think of them. Neither of them could have seen seventeen years. They both were of a height, and that a moderate one. The rose-bloom of their cheeks could hardly be called bright in her who was the rosiest, nor faint, though a shade less deep, in her companion. Both had delicate eye-brows, not strongly defined, yet somewhat darker than their hair; both had small sweet mouths, maiden mouths, of not so warm and deep a tint as ruby, but only red as the reddest rose; each had those gems, the rarest, the most precious, a pair of clear, soft, bright blue eyes. Their style of dress was similar; one had on a black silk gown, with a stomacher of velvet, and scalloped cuffs of the same from the wrist to the elbow; the other wore cuffs and stomacher of the like pattern and material, over a gown of crimson silk. The dress was rather heavy for their slight figures, but suited to September. They and the darker beauty all carried their straw bonnets in their hands."

I cannot better conclude these fragments than with poor Oberon's description of his return to his native village after his slow recovery from his illness. How beautifully does he express his penitential emotions! A beautiful moral may be indeed drawn from the early death of a sensitive recluse, who had shunned the ordinary avenues to distinction, and with splendid abilities sank into an early grave, almost unknown to mankind, and without any record save what my pen hastily leaves upon these tear-blotted pages.

MY HOME RETURN.

"When the stage-coach had gained the summit of the hill, I alighted to perform the small remainder of my journey on foot. There had not been a more delicious afternoon than this in all the train of summer, the air being a sunny perfume, made up of balm, and warmth, and gentle brightness. The oak and walnut-trees over my head retained their deep masses of foliage, and the grass, though for months the pasturage of stray cattle, had been revived with the freshness of early June by the autumnal rains of the preceding week. The garb of autumn, indeed, resembled that of spring. Dandelions and butterflies were sprinkled along the road-side like drops of brightest gold in greenest grass, and a star-shaped little flower of blue, with a golden centre. In a rocky spot, and rooted under the stone walk, there was one wild rose-bush bearing three roses, very faintly tinted, but blessed with a spicy fragrance. The same tokens would have announced that the year was brightening into the glow of summer. There were violets too, though few and pale ones. But the breath of September was diffused through the

mild air, and became perceptible, too thrillingly for my enfeebled frame, whenever a little breeze shook out the latent coolness.

I was standing on the hill at the entrance of my native village, whence I had looked back to bid farewell, and forward to the pale mist-bow that over-arched my path, and was the omen of my fortunes. How had I misinterpreted that augury, the ghost of hope, with none of hope's bright hues! Nor could I deem that all its portents were yet accomplished, though from the same western sky the declining sun shone brightly in my face. But I was calm and not depressed. Turning to the village, so dim and dream-like at my last view, I saw the white houses and brick stores, the intermingled trees, the foot-paths with their wide borders of grass, and the dusty road between; all a picture of peaceful gladness in the sunshine.

'Why have I never loved my home before?' thought I, as my spirit reposed itself on the quiet beauty of the scene.

On the side of the opposite hill was the grave-yard, sloping towards the farther extremity of the village. The sun shone as cheerfully there as on the abodes of the living, and showed all the little hillocks and the burial stones, white marble or slate, and here and there a tomb, with the pleasant grass about them all. A single tree was tinged with glory from the west, and threw a pensive shade behind. Not far from where it fell, was the tomb of my parents, whom I had hardly thought of in bidding adieu to the village, but had remembered them more faithfully among the feelings that drew me homeward. At my departure their tomb had been hidden in the morning mist. Beholding it in the sunshine now, I felt a sensation through my frame as if a breeze had thrown the coolness of September over me, though not a leaf was stirred, nor did the thistle down take flight. Was I to roam no more through this beautiful world, but only to the other end of the village? Then let me lie down near my parents, but not with them, because I love a green grave better than a tomb.

Moving slowly forward, I heard shouts and laughter, and perceived a considerable throng of people, who came from behind the meeting-house and made a stand in front of it. Thither all the idlers of the village were congregated to witness the exercises of the engine company, this being the afternoon of their monthly practice. They deluged the roof of the meeting-house, till the water fell from the eaves in a broad cascade; then the stream beat against the dusty windows like a thunder storm; and sometimes they flung it up beside the steeple, sparkling in an ascending shower about the weather-cock. For variety's sake, the engineer made it undulate horizontally, like a great serpent flying over the earth. As his

last effort, being roguishly inclined, he seemed to take aim at the sky, falling rather short of which, down came the fluid, transformed to drops of silver, on the thickest crowd of the spectators. Then ensued a prodigious rout and mirthful uproar, with no little wrath of the surly ones, whom this is an infallible method of distinguishing. The joke afforded infinite amusement to the ladies at the windows and some old people under the hay scales. I also laughed at a distance, and was glad to find myself susceptible, as of old, to the simple mirth of such a scene.

But the thoughts that it excited were not all mirthful. I had witnessed hundreds of such spectacles in my youth, and one precisely similar only a few days before my departure. And now, the aspect of the village being the same, and the crowd composed of my old acquaintances, I could hardly realize that years had past, or even months, or that the very drops of water were not falling at this moment which had been flung up then. But I pressed the conviction home, that, brief as the time appeared, it had been long enough for me to wander away and return again, with my fate accomplished, and little more hope in this world. The last throb of an adventurous and wayward spirit keep me from repining. I felt as if it were better, or not worse, to have compressed my enjoyments and sufferings into a few wild years, and then to rest myself in an early grave, than to have chosen the untroubled and ungladdened course of the crowd before me, whose days were all alike, and a long lifetime like each day. But the sentiment startled me. For a moment I doubted whether my dear-bought wisdom were any thing but the incapacity to pursue fresh follies, and whether, if health and strength could be restored that night, I should be found in the village after to-morrow's dawn.

Among other novelties, I noticed that the tavern was now designated as a Temperance House, in letters extending across the whole front, with a smaller sign promising Hot Coffee at all hours, and Spruce Beer to lodgers gratis. There were few new buildings, except a Methodist chapel and a printing office, with a book store in the lower story. The golden mortar still ornamented the apothecary's door, nor had the Indian Chief, with his gilded tobacco stalk, been relieved from doing centinel's duty before Dominicus Pike's grocery. The gorgeous silks, though of later patterns, were still flaunting like a banner in front of Mr. Nightingale's dry goods store. Some of the signs introduced me to strangers, whose predecessors had failed, or emigrated to the West, or removed merely to the other end of the village, transferring their names from the sign-boards to slabs of marble or slate. But, on the whole, Death and Vicissitude had done very little. There were old men, scat-

tered about the street, who had been old in my earliest reminiscences ; and, as if their venerable forms were permanent parts of the creation, they appeared to be hale and hearty old men yet. The less elderly were more altered, having generally contracted a stoop, with hair woefully thinned and whitened. Some I could hardly recognize ; at my last glance they had been boys and girls, but were young men and women when I looked again ; and there were happy little things too, rolling about on the grass, whom God had made since my departure.

But now, in my lingering course I had descended the hill, and began to consider, painfully enough, how I should meet my townspeople, and what reception they would give me. Of many an evil prophecy, doubtless, had I been the subject. And would they salute me with a roar of triumph or a low hiss of scorn, on beholding their worst anticipations more than accomplished ?

‘No,’ said I, ‘they will not triumph over me. And should they ask the cause of my return, I will tell them that a man may go far and tarry long away, if his health be good and his hopes high ; but that when flesh and spirit begin to fail, he remembers his birthplace and the old burial-ground, and hears a voice calling him to come home to his father and mother. They will know, by my wasted frame and feeble step, that I have heard the summons and obeyed. And, the first greetings over, they will let me walk among them unnoticed, and linger in the sunshine while I may, and steal into my grave in peace.’

With these reflections I looked kindly at the crowd, and drew off my glove, ready to give my hand to the first that should put forth his. It occurred to me, also, that some youth among them, now at the crisis of his fate, might have felt his bosom thrill at my example, and be emulous of his wild life and worthless fame. But I would save him.

‘He shall be taught,’ said I, ‘by my life, and by my death, that the world is a sad one for him who shrinks from its sober duties. My experience shall warn him to adopt some great and serious aim, such as manhood will cling to, that he may not feel himself, too late, a cumberer of this overladen earth, but a man among men. I will beseech him not to follow an eccentric path, nor, by stepping aside from the highway of human affairs, to relinquish his claim upon human sympathy. And often, as a text of deep and varied meaning, I will remind him that he is an American.’

By this time I had drawn near the meeting-house, and perceived that the crowd were beginning to recognize me.”

These are the last words traced by his hand. Has not so chastened a spirit found true communion with the pure in Heaven ?

and deportment as I walked toward her lodgings. It was strange, I thought, that she had in no way alluded last evening to the service I had rendered her at our first meeting, now more than a year since. Could there be any thing in the position, in which she stood toward Jocelyn, that prevented her from recognizing in his presence the strong claim upon her regard which accident had given me? Perhaps, indeed, she might have forgotten my features. But then again the mention of my name by my cousin must have recalled my identity, even if the lapse of eighteen months had so altered my person that, as in the case of Jocelyn himself in the scene of the "Tournament," she could no longer recognize it. Reasoning thus, I found myself ushered into the parlor of Calanthé, and waiting for her to appear before I had in any way satisfactorily accounted for her conduct. But her own act sufficiently explained it the moment she appeared.

I was standing by the window, gazing listlessly upon the street, when I heard a light step enter the apartment, and turning round, I beheld the subject of my reverie with all her richly mature charms set off by what, to a tall and full figure like hers, is one of the most becoming morning dresses in the world,—a frilled robe of muslin, tight only at the waist, and so hastily adjusted where its folds crossed over her bosom that the throat, which rivalled it in whiteness, was more than partially disclosed; while her locks of pale brown, restrained only by a pink ribbon, which kept them back from her eyes, fell in natural curls upon her modestly-covered shoulders. I advanced a step, prepared only to bow politely when making my morning compliments; but the lady had no idea of being thus coolly accosted. Looking round hastily to see that there was no third person in the room to witness our interview, she sprang hastily toward me, and while one hand drew more closely her bosom's screen, she seized mine in the other, and pressed it to her lips with an expression of feeling and respect that spoke the deepest emotion of gratitude.

"Oh! Mr. Vanderlyn," cried she, "how I have longed to meet you thus, and pour out my feeble thanks for the greatest service that one human creature can render to another! If I had not been prepared for a meeting by seeing you with *him* last night, it would have been impossible to have restrained my feelings at the interview that followed. How strangely forgetful you must then have thought me! but never for a moment have I forgotten that you saved my life at the risk of your own.—Never have I ceased to think of—But sit down,"—added she, interrupting herself, and dropping gracefully upon the sofa near which we were standing, while she still retained my hand. The movement seemed to give a new current

to her ideas.—“You are very young—very young, Mr. Vanderlyn,” and she parted the long hair on my forehead, and looked into my eyes with a melancholy gaze, that seemed only to find food for sadness therein—“too young to be improved by *his* guidance in the world.”

“Guidance !” said I, smiling proudly, but feeling at heart a little miffed at the maternal tone so beautiful a woman had adopted as the one most appropriate to my years. “My season of guidance, madam, has gone by for many months, nor do I know the man who may safely proffer himself for such a duty ; and yet there are some,” I added in a gentler tone, “who might readily mould me to their will—guide, lead—rule me ; ay ! even to perdition.”

The lady smiled faintly, as she caught my ardent gaze fixed upon her averted features as reflected in a mirror opposite. She answered only by shaking those beautiful tresses with an air that had more virtue of meaning in it than even the nodding peruke of Lord Burleigh in the play.

“But what of Jocelyn ?—for it is evidently he to whom you allude. He must hold a strange power over you, if you think that all others must succumb to it.”

“Power, indeed ! Alas, sir, it was only his presence which made me receive you as a stranger last evening !”

“My cousin seems to be a perfect Bluebeard among the sex,” I rejoined, smiling, and trying to assume a tone of badinage ; “but surely, here, at least, he must yield to the powers that be.”

“Do you not know then,” answered she with quickness, and then, while her face and neck were crimson to the very roots of her hair, she added, averting her eyes, “do you not know that I am a dependant upon your cousin’s bounty ? This house, this furniture—I—I myself am all—*all* his !”

The last words were pronounced almost in a whisper, but they fell with distinct and appalling effect upon my ear. I rose, and paced the room in confusion, while the self-announced votaress of shame buried her face in her hands, and, bursting into tears, wept long and convulsively.

My first emotion was instantly to take myself from her presence ; but the deeply humiliated, yet pleading look that she gave me as I laid my hand upon the door, checked the impulse. I have stood calmly by, and witnessed many a scene of horror, when others were moved beyond all self-control. I have gazed unshaken upon the death-agony of one who was dear to me as a brother, perishing by my side in the battle field, with all those dreadful contortions which gunshot wounds often occasion ; but a woman’s tears did ever, and I fear me, will ever, to my dying hour, quite unman me.

That glance from those streaming eyes could have turned my soul from any purpose. I sprang toward Calanthé—I seized her hot and fevered hand—I whispered words of solace in her ear—I told her that, however fallen, I was not the one to arraign her. What right had I to judge the conduct of one whose path of wandering I had never traced; whose temptations to fall I knew not! I wiped her eyes with her long tresses, and I kissed her forehead with an air of soothing respect that did more than aught else to re-assure her. Shall I go on with that scene? Shall I tell how pity warmed into indignation when she told me how now for six long months Jocelyn had almost wholly neglected her? Shall I relate how anger gave way to interest, when she described the strange tissue of circumstances by which she first fell into his power in the early days of her widowhood? Shall I reveal how that interest deepened into a softer emotion when, after many a similar interview, I found myself yielding to the influence of her intoxicating beauty,—a beauty wherein mind and sense seemed struggling together to mingle the rarest charms of intellect with the subtlest spell of voluptuousness,—shadowing forth in her countenance each strength and weakness of her woman's soul; a high intelligence—a world of generous feelings—linked with a feeble will, and bowed by the untrained impulses of a passionate temperament? Shall I describe the wild fascination which a nature, radiant even in its perversion

“As sunshine sleeping in a rill,
Though turned aside, is sunshine still—”

the fascination which a fancy brilliant, playful, and tender, and so versatile that it took its hue ever from the mood of her lover, superadded to the personal charms, I have attempted to describe; and so completed my thralldom?

This infatuation had lasted for some months, when one evening, upon calling at her rooms, I found Calanthé plunged in the deepest despondency. The apartment had a western exposure, and she was sitting by her window with her cheek upon her hand, watching the fading hues of a sunset, gorgeous to a degree that no other clime exhibits but ours.

“Do you believe, Washington, that earth has elsewhere such a canopy as that?” said she, as I gently placed myself beside her; “no; they may tell me of the glories of other lands, but, strange as are the vicissitudes of our climate, I can conceive nothing more grand than those clouds when rocked by the tempest—nothing more beautiful than when, as now, their crimson sails float upon that sea of violet, like the barques of the blest, of which our Indian

legends tell us. How strange is it that objects so brilliant should suggest only images of peace to the mind !”

“Doubtless,” I replied, catching her tone of expression, “it is this mysterious beauty, this mingling of grandeur and repose, which, operating upon the minds of the children of Nature, make our aborigines always place their elysium of peace where the sun himself is so gloriously cradled to his rest.”

“No,” she continued, as if musing in absence without attending to my remark ; “I could never become a wanderer from my native land—I should pine beneath other skies than those which have always bent over me ; and when I looked up at night from the narrow streets of some foreign city and missed the stars I have here often watched as from the bottom of a well—missed the blue, blue firmament of my own”——

“Hold, I beseech you, bright and beautiful ! what’s the meaning of all this sentimentality—a wanderer ! foreign city ! What woman’s whim has put such idle fancies into your head ?”

“Alas ! they are not idle ; you, Washington, may deem such thoughts the promptings of discontent, the craving of a restless disposition after new excitement, or the sentimental puling of a secluded woman who feeds her fancy with far away images to shut out the sense of realities that are near ; but”——

“Forgive me, sweet Calanthé, I may indeed suspect that you are not altogether as happy in my society as you have taught me to believe you were.”

“And supposing it were even so, would you wonder at such re-pining ? I have often told you, Washington, that a lodge in the desert with you, were bliss to a home in a palace where you were not. But, happy as are the hours which fly in your society, can you not conceive that there may be some miserable ones among the many that I drag through in loneliness ? There is no solitude to a woman like that of isolation from her own sex ; and the consciousness of degradation—bitterly as it comes across the soul of one who has fallen—is hardly so painful as the pining, longing wish to exchange again one sympathizing feeling with those from whose sympathies we are shut out for ever.”

“Calanthé, it is madness to entertain a sorrow which no thought nor act of your own can cure. If the most tender solicitude for your comfort and happiness, if love”——

“Ay ! there it is,” cried she, wildly—“love ! Call not the mad passion that has placed your untempered youth in my power by that holy name !—though love alone—deep, absorbing, all-enduring love can best express the passion that I feel for you. Oh God, that I were worthy ! but no, no, I must never wake a thought of what

might have been. Washington, I charge ye," said she, hoarsely, seizing my arm, "I charge ye, think never of me but as the creature I really am! for worlds I would not that, heart and soul, your spirit should be linked to one like mine, as mine is moulded to your own. I would have you soar—soar in thought, in word, and deed, far above the atmosphere in which such things as I are doomed to crawl: the love I bear ye is such as woman alone can conceive of, and the moment that tears you from my bosom, if it only binds you to one worthy of your best affections, will be the most blissful that Calanthé can ever know. Washington, my loved, my noble boy," and she sank upon her knees before me with my hands clasped in both of hers, "I thank heaven that"—

A flood of tears here stifled her utterance. I raised the excited girl in my arms, and placing her upon the sofa, calmed her by all means in my power. A phial of laudanum, which stood near, offered the readiest mode of soothing this strange paroxysm; it suggested, too, some unpleasant suspicions that similar scenes had been brought on by the free use of such an anodyne. The discovery was the first thing that ever cooled my passion for Calanthé, but it did not now abate my kindness. I watched long by her that night as she lay tossing restlessly upon the sofa; and finally, by way of averting her mind from the unpleasant images which seemed to press upon it, I led her to talk about herself, and gradually drew from her the singular story which I will now try to recollect.

CHAPTER X.*

The story of Calanthé.

"Her heart was formed to softness, warped to wrong,
Betrayed too early and beguiled too long."—*Byron.*

"Yet sensibility still wildly played
Like lightning round the ruins it had made."—*Moore.*

* * * * *

CHAPTER XI.*

The story of Calanthé concluded.

"Heart-fretting fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse the poisoned arrow in his side,
And loud lewd mirth to anguish close allied
Till frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain."—*Coleridge.*

* * * * *

* The author will see that we have taken the liberty of omitting several pages of his MSS. The scenes which he describes with so much earnestness of feeling are not exactly suited to our pages. The whole story of Calanthé, and the last scene with Jocelyn particularly, are too horrible even for this horror-loving age.—EDS. AM. M.

CHAPTER XII.

The merchant's daughter.

"As a gem in the mine, to a gem in the light,
 As a cloud in the day to a star in the night,—
 Is the heart that is sullied by passionate love,
 To the heart that is pure as a seraph's above."

Leaves and Blossoms.

APPALLING as are such scenes ; yet when they are witnessed or shared in early life, the elasticity of youth soon banishes the melancholy they awaken. Remorse is the only enduring emotion of which the human heart is susceptible ; and upon reviewing the past, I could find nothing to charge myself with beyond the ordinary follies of young men of my time of life, who, with high passions, are exposed to similar temptations. My conduct had in no wise precipitated the catastrophe I had witnessed ; and though, indeed, the moralist must frown upon him who mingles as an actor in scenes like these wherein I had shared, yet I could not but think, when lamenting the first holy charm of untainted youth—now gone for ever—I could not but feel, amid the self-reproaches which nevertheless *did* goad me, that my brief infatuation had brought solace to another ; that the career which had commenced in misfortune and crime, had closed in peace and repentance ; and that I myself, while securing the services of that excellent physician who watched her with me till the last, had been the unworthy instrument of bringing the comforts of religion to the dying bed of Calanthe. As for Jocelyn's situation, I could not think of it without a shudder. Yet there, at least, there was no need of sophistry and self-love to exonerate me from all blame.

Months elapsed, however, before I could again mingle in society with any pleasure ; and even after I did once more claim my place among the young and gay, a sadness would often come over me amid the brightest scenes of festivity. I felt that on the very threshold of existence I had already laid up enough bitter associations to cloud my future years. There was one goading thought too—one thought so wounding to my self-love, that, haunting me ever, and occurring most strongly when in the presence of the beautiful and the pure, almost unfitted me for their society. It was the remembrance that the only one of the sex, who had ever seemed to discover the hidden energies of my nature, who had ever requited my deep capacity of loving with an affection strong and disinterested as man would wish to inspire, was a daughter of shame, an outcast from the communion of her own sex.

And yet the affection of Calanthé was of a far nobler and more exalted character than the attachment I had borne to her. Mine was a mere effervescence of the hot passions of youth—a wild infatuation, which, even when at the highest, the recollection not less of my early, pure, and boyish love, than of her own fallen condition, had always prevented from ripening into tenderness of sentiment. Hers, on the contrary, was the entire devotion of a half-broken, baffled heart, which for the first time finds one that can sympathise with itself. It was the fond repose of a high-toned though misapplied intellect, resting upon another, similar but inferior to itself. She imagined faculties like her own that were not yet wholly thrown away, in me, and discovered virtues blasted in her own person, that she fondly thought might yet bloom and produce a glorious maturity in the character of her lover. When I thought of all this—and often did the haunting music of her voice bring back such memories,—there was a romantic idolatry in the love I had once inspired that must make all other emotions of the kind seem tame: and then again I would ask myself, almost with a sneer at the memory of that poor girl's attachment—"Is it only such a creature as this that can love thee, Vanderlyn?"

It was under the influence of such feelings that, avoiding general society, I often now found myself in the midst of that family circle whose inmates have been already described in these memoirs.

I had never entirely given up the habit of visiting at Mr. Ashley's house, though now for many months I had seldom made my appearance there. The truth is, that besides having a multitude of other engagements, I fancied that the head of the family was not altogether so cordial to me as in times gone by. He seemed somehow to look with a cold eye upon the friendship which existed between the young Gertrude and myself; and though now that fair girl had shot up to womanhood, and might fairly claim the attentions due to a young lady who, in polite parlance, has "come out," her father always looked annoyed when I treated her otherwise than as a child. Mr. Ashley being the medium through which I drew the slender allowance which my father afforded me, and discovering early the disgust which I harbored toward the profession which had been chosen for me, naturally entertained a poor opinion of my present prospects and probable success in life: and while he cherished a sincere personal regard for me, like many others in our mercantile community who add the caution of the trader to the prudence of the parent, he looked wholly to a man's standing in Wall-street for his fitness to make his daughter happy. Nor was there a counting-house clerk in the city whom he would not prefer to a briefless barrister of the best connections for a son-in-law.

Indeed, without meaning to make a pun, I may say literally, that he held that "marriage was too serious a thing to be dealt in by *attorney*." Kind-hearted, not wanting in intelligence, and of a generous and manly hospitality, his serious thoughts were all centred in the one word "business;" and matrimony was a sufficiently grave affair to be comprehended in the term. It was, in short, a regular partnership, to be formed upon the same grounds as other business connections. These enlarged views, of course, induced the worthy merchant to regard the platonic which existed between his blooming daughter and myself with any thing but the eye of favor, while the manifold acts of kindness I had received from him precluded me from taking umbrage at the cool civility which he gradually assumed as my visits at his house became more frequent.

With Gertrude herself I still preserved the same frank and cordial intercourse which had ever subsisted between us. The fact of my being so much her senior—though now there could hardly be said to be a disparity of years,—had placed us upon a footing in the earlier stages of our acquaintance which was still maintained so far that the idea of my standing toward her in the light of a lover seemed never to occur to her; while on my side I was unconscious of that feeling of reserve in her presence, which bespeaks a dawning attachment, until some months after I emerged from the atmosphere of distempered passion in which I had lately existed. It was then that, finding myself beside a creature so gentle and so pure, I was conscious, when gazing upon her features, of being rebuked by the holy light of maidenhood beaming from those modest eyes. I was abashed in her presence. I felt as if I had no longer a right to mingle so intimately in the society of one, whom, though no taint could reach, the presence of one less pure than herself did yet profane.

Nay more; having now realized what it was to be beloved, though by one—oh, how different from this spotless creature!—I could discover evidences of attachment which had wholly escaped me before. I had known the female heart stripped of the mystic guise wherewith modesty and delicacy enwraps it: and, like the anatomist who can trace the same lineaments in the living figure which he has studied with all their details in some mutilated and revolting form, and recognize them not the less from the lovely attractions which now invest them,—like him, I could follow out those emotions of tenderness in a bosom of purity and principle which I had studied in one disordered by passion and sullied by shame.

(*To be continued.*)

STANZAS.

 BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

NEXT Melancholy, veil'd in cloak and weeds,
 Murmur'd his sullen story. 'Twas of one
 Who, mid the cloister's shade and pattering beads,
 His course of mad misanthropy begun ;
 The sunlight or the shadow of the world
 Brooded alike on him—he saw no hope
 In all its day or darkness had unfurl'd,
 And the black future was a starless cope—
 He woke to penance still—and when he slept
 Dark dreams his pillow thronged—and Fear about him crept.

He passed into the desert from his cell,
 Hating the face of man, and pale with scorn—
 Spurning the iron bed and matin bell
 That racked his slumbers and awaked his morn.
 Crush'd as those tortured spirits that went out
 From tow'ring capitals, whose gates of old
 Open'd on deserts, where the ocean shout
 Of the throng'd city far and faintly roll'd,
 And as they clos'd a solitude was round
 The exile, as if driven to earth's unpeopled bound !

There by his fountain well and rocky cave,
 With Nature for communion, he abode,
 Hoping no other future but the grave,
 Where thought should cease to try or ills corrode ;
 Prayer gave him no repose—for the dire God
 He worship'd, sat in vengeance in the sky,
 Making life chaos at his monarch nod,
 And man a victim for eternity—
 In misery's abode, where praise was dumb,
 And white-rob'd Mercy through its night could never come !

Religion found no temple in his heart—
 But all its dull and dark idolatry
 Was of that sullen nature but a part,
 Which led him from earth's fellowship to fly :
 Like him of old, who, on the pillar's height
 Counted his years of loneliness and gloom,
 And found, as earth grew shadowy on his sight,
 His cloudy column but a living tomb !—
 So his deserted soul, malignant still,
 Rear'd round the Hydra heads he could not crush or kill.

What hopes had such a spirit?—it had pass'd
 Beyond the boundary of human things;
 But though the gloom itself had round it cast,
 It flitted like a bird on palsied wings.
 He leagu'd him with Despair—and forth he trode
 With steps whose path he reck'd not—writhing yet
 Beneath the ceaseless and afflictive goad
 Of hopes he could not, though he would, forget—
 Till, with a shriek, he leapt the maddening leap,
 Into the black Hereafter's spectre-compass'd deep.

THE HEAD CLERK.

CHAPTER I.

MR. EBENEZER DRYALTER was an untiring votary of Mammon. He was an importing dry goods merchant, and inhabited a lofty building in the vicinity of Wall-street. Here he might be said to dwell, for here he might be found from 9 o'clock A. M. until 11 P. M., with only occasional absences at certain accommodating temples of Plutus, and a daily visit to the Tontine. His age might have been about threescore and ten, and, imprisoned in a glass case with a roll of papyrus in his hand, swathed in folds of factory cotton, he would have made a very good Egyptian mummy. He had a pair of green glass eyes, which were still keen and penetrating; a slight stoop, and a bald spot on the back of his head. His favorite dress was a snuff-colored suit, with London smoke gaiters; and he invariably carried a blue cotton umbrella. His mind was stored with divers pithy maxims, quaint phrases, and sage apophthegms, with which he was wont to interlard his conversation, and which served to regulate his conduct. Such was Mr. Ebenezzer Dryalter.

The great man had a clerk—nay, he had many; but I speak of the head clerk, of the being who sat exalted on a tripod inferior in height to that of Mr. Dryalter alone. The head clerk was the reverse of his master. Mr. Augustus Summery was a spruce, good-looking fellow, of twenty-five, very erect, and withal not a little of a dandy. In fact he imported prints of the fashion from Europe, and had a secret correspondent, who sent him the latest pantaloons while they were yet novelties in Bond-street and the Boulevards. What a happy fellow was Mr. Augustus Summery! Then, too, he

was suspected of having written a sonnet in a lady's album, and a confession of utter misery in a souvenir; but this was kept under the rose, for the honesty of a clerk begins to be doubted when he displays any symptoms of a taste for the fine arts. Therefore, though his face was not utterly unknown in the circles of the theatre, and though he was once detected in the act of entering a bookseller's shop, he was believed by all to be a very promising young man, and faithful to his business.

During a brief space of time, reluctantly left at the disposal of Mr. Summery by his employer, the head clerk, who happened to be in ill health, made a trip to the Springs. He danced one evening at Saratoga with a fashionable girl, whose name he did not hear during the ceremony of introduction, but who set his brain in a whirl by the rapidity of her waltzing and the splendor of her charms. She was just seventeen, that sweet age when the buds of girlhood expand in all their beauty, when the heart is warm, and the head giddy, and the rosy lips are not ashamed to whisper to the nearest listener the feelings of the time. The head clerk was "enchanted," to use an original phrase of Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayley, one of the greatest poets of the present century—which, by the way, has produced a thing called Byron. The head clerk, we repeat it, was enchanted; and though his *belle amie* was walked off by a grumpy papa in Wellington boots, and a sanguinary brother with suspicious whiskers, he yet remained in that delicious kind of reverie which a man enjoys while sitting with a cigar in his mouth before an ignited coal fire, dreaming that his rich old uncle has been carried off by apoplexy, and that his tailor's account-books have been destroyed by fire. The next morning Mr. Augustus Summery returned to the city and the counting-room, looking paler than ever, wearing a sea-green stock with his shirt collar turned down. It was soon apparent to the dullest observer that Mr. Augustus Summery was that unhappiest of all beings, "an altered young man." He pored as diligently as ever over the iron-backed books, and was quite as much attached to his tripod; but then there was a strange sort of gleam in his eye, which looked a little like insanity, and he was reported to have written some stanzas of verse in an interleaved copy of the almanack. His health, too, was considerably impaired; and he talked of going through a course of Hygeian medicine. What was very strange, when these appalling signs were pointed out to Mr. Drysalter by some of the junior clerks, he only laughed in a very mysterious manner, winked with his left eye, and placed the fore finger of his right hand on the right side of his nose. As Mr. Drysalter was rarely guilty of a humorous action, this practical piece of wit drew bursts of laughter from the clerks, where-

upon their employer smiled, and went to his desk with an air of considerable satisfaction. Shortly after this remarkable occurrence, he discarded his snuff-colored suit and London smoke gaiters, abandoned the cotton umbrella, and appeared upon 'Change in a green coat garnished with brass buttons, a pair of blue indescribables, and French boots. A Wall-street broker thought he detected a portion of gold chain lost in the depths of the vest; and it is an indisputable fact that the regenerated merchant carried in his right hand a black walking-switch with a cord tassel, while from the fingers of the left dangled a pair of kid gloves. This change of costume created considerable alarm; the bank directors eyed him with surprise, some thought he was going to be married—some that he was going mad—the ideas are synonymous. Even the head clerk, roused from his apathy, and wondered what the mischief (I had almost said devil) was the matter with his master.

It was the witching hour of night, when from the lower vomitories of the theatres issued forth a mass of human beings, who, having imbibed the pure morality of Tom and Jerry, revived perhaps for the nineteenth time, are eager to drink gin, and assail some poor somnambulist of a watchman; that watching hour—

“When Fashion sparkles in her halls of light,”

and the lovely maids and matrons of the present generation are learning consumptions to transmit to the next; that witching hour when Virtue sleeps,—and Vice reveals, and Industry trims the midnight lamp, that Mr. Ebinezer Drysalter—the duties of the day done—invited his clerk to partake of some wine and oysters in the private room of a favorite hotel.

After the waiter had been frowned out of the apartment, after the second glass had been drained in solemn silence, the great man spoke with an air of benignant condescension to his clerk.

“Augustus, you’re a smart business lad.” The clerk bowed. “You have an eye for the main chance—my father had an eye for the main chance—and I—I have a pair of eyes for the main chance. You take me? Very good. Stick to your business—don’t be impatient. Rome wasn’t built in a day. Remember economy—a penny saved is a penny gained. Keep your accounts with your tailor balanced—out of debt, out of danger. Never despair of success—while there’s a will, there’s a way. Augustus!”

“Sir!”

“I have had an eye on you of late. Young men think old men fools, but old men know young men to be so. I’ve an eye—I can see through a mill-stone. I’ve watched you at church—your conduct in my pew hasn’t escaped my attention.”

"My dear sir," stammered the head clerk; "I—I hope—I have been guilty of no indiscretion. I have looked out all the places in the psalter for your daughters—Miss Emily, Miss Mary, and Miss Jane; and I always enter the texts in my pocket-book with a memorandum of the argument, and I always read the responses, and join the singers when the tune is Old Hundred."

"Bless ye, my lad, I've no fault to find. Your *devotion* has not escaped me—ha! ha! The nearer the church, the farther from God."

"Sir, you astonish me."

"Very well—sly dog! sly dog!—silent sow, &c. But I tell you what—I am serious. I have for a long time been thinking, and pondering, and considering about you—I have every reason to be satisfied with you—and I am determined to do something for you. These are not mere words, young man—all talk and no cider. I know very well that fair words butter no parsnips—a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Sir, I hope I shall be duly grateful. Perhaps on account of the rise in the price of board you mean to raise my salary twenty-five dollars."

"Better than that."

"Perhaps fifty dollars."

"Better than that."

"A hundred dollars!" cried the clerk, starting from his seat.

"Better than that!" shouted the old gentleman. "I'll take you into partnership."

"Huzza!" cried the head clerk. "I beg your pardon, sir, but your generosity or the wine has turned my head; I'm absolutely wild with delight. Oh! I don't deserve it, sir, I don't. Drysalter and Summery! How that'll read. And the sum total of the profits last year was—why! I shall be rich enough to marry."

"To be sure you will," said Mr. Drysalter. "Sit down. It was about that very thing that I wanted to speak to you. I consent to take you as a partner only on condition of your being married. Two heads are better than one. Don't lose your senses now—be calm, my boy, quite calm."

"I'll fly to her at once."

"No, you won't—Jane has gone to bed long ago."

"Jane, sir?"

"Yes, sir, Jane, sir? what's the fellow staring for? 'Pon my soul I believe you've lost your wits. My youngest daughter, sir—Jane Drysalter, a fortune for any man. Ah! now I see you're coming to reason; now you're cool as a cucumber. Sit down—

we'll talk the matter over. The fact is, Augustus, I have observed your attentions at church."

"I was not conscious, sir,"——

"No—I know you weren't. But young men, &c., as I said before. I witnessed your attentions, and that put a plan in my head. I had long thought of doing something for you; and, thinks I to myself, there are my three daughters. Emily has a lover, Mary is very pretty and can catch another; but Jane is unsaleable—not a pretty article—confoundedly plain, to tell the truth. Yet she shan't die a spinster—there's Summery, a devilish good fellow, sticks to his stool in the counting-house as if his pantaloons were made of Burgundy pitch plaster—he shall marry her, and be her partner and mine for life. Like the idea—hey?"

"Sir, I am completely overpowered."

"Well, well, sleep it off, and to-morrow morning I'll spare you from the counting-room for twenty minutes, and you can make your advances. I warrant you won't sleep a wink—young blood—young blood."

"I'll be shot if I shall!" muttered the disconsolate clerk, as, having bade his employer good night, he tramped away to his distant lodgings. "Well, what can't be cured, must be endured, as Mr. Drysalter says. To think of losing that Saratoga sylph, and marrying her antipode. Oh! I shan't sleep a wink to-night." Notwithstanding his last ejaculation, the miserable young man enjoyed a tranquil night's repose.

CHAPTER II.

On the following morning, at 11 A. M. the glass handle of a bell pertaining to a door in Sunbridge street, on which the name of Drysalter was inscribed, was vehemently pulled by a young gentleman in full visiting costume. The bell was "answered" by a stupid footboy, who assured Mr. Augustus Summery that Miss Jane was at home, though a *gauche* country girl from the head of the staircase announced that "mistress said she wasn't to home." Up stairs, however, and into the drawing-room did Mr. Summery march, where he found by ocular demonstration that the lady was visible. The head clerk was not a man accustomed to be daunted by the presence of the fair sex, but on this occasion he was deserted by his self-possession. He twirled his hat awkwardly in his left hand, made the worst possible bow, and sank with an ill grace into a chair. The lady, cold and embarrassed, occupied a *fauteuil* at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Miss Drysalter—hem!" commenced the lover.

"Mr. Summery—hem!" replied the lady.

"Your father has doubtless ——"

"He has, Mr. Summery."

—— "Proposed a firm ——"

"Of which I shall not be a partner, I assure you, Mr. Summery!"

"Madam!"

"Our long acquaintance justifies an explicit avowal. You do not like me—I do not like you. We only agree in our mutual aversion. I dare not make a confidant of my father—you dare not offend him—we must temporize—appear intimate, though we are only friends. The reasons I will explain to you at length at some future time. Return to the counting-room, and endeavor to look delighted. The task, I perceive, will be a hard one. *Bon jour.*"

"I am in a dream," said Mr. Augustus Summery, as he turned out of Sunbridge street into the Bowery. As he uttered these words, hearing the clattering of horses' feet, and looking up, he saw a lady on horseback, attended by a fierce gentleman with whiskers. It was the sylph of Saratoga and her sanguinary brother. A wave of the whip, and the horses sprang out of sight.

"Who is she?" inquired Augustus of a stranger, who had paused like him to look at the lady.

"I no spake Anglis," returned the man with an ominous stare.

"Oh! I'm the most unhappy man in the world," cried the head clerk, dropping into an eating-house. "Waiter! you may fry some oysters."

In the eating-house the head clerk found his friend, Jack Invoice, who was in the lace line, and after they had satisfied their appetites, they sallied into the streets together. Jack asked Augustus what made him look so melancholy, and Augustus, encouraged by the query, thus broke forth:

"Oh, Jack! I'm the most miserable fellow in existence! What a fate is mine! I am doomed to marry Miss Jane Drysalter."

"Doomed!" echoed Jack. "Monster of ingratitude! I would give my fortune to stand in your shoes."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? that I am in love with that adorable creature, and am beloved by her in return. She fell in love with my ugly phiz the first time she set her eyes upon it, and that was on a water party when we were both sea sick at the same time. In point of personal attractions, she equals me; we were formed for each other. But a cruel father—the common fate of lovers—you understand me."

"I do, perfectly, Jack. The course of true love, as somebody says, I forget who, never did run smooth. For my part, I am in the most distressing situation. I don't know what I shall do."

"Nor I!" exclaimed Jack. "I shall go mad, or into the retail line." With these words he darted down a narrow alley. Poor Jack Invoice!

CHAPTER III.

"How d'ye think I look?" inquired Mr. Ebenezer Drysalter, rushing into the room of the head clerk one Sunday morning, with a very red face. "Do I look like a happy man?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied the youth; "and in fact it seems as if for several days past I had been acting and moving in a dream. Every thing is strange and surprising, and I am completely bewildered. What has happened to you?"

"I have arranged the preliminaries."

"In what, sir?"

"In the match."

"Ah! with your daughter. I am resigned—happy, Mr. Drysalter."

"No—no—I don't mean that—my own marriage with little Matty Peterson's daughter—pretty but poor. You think me too old—hey? But its better late than never."

"I am overjoyed at your happiness."

"Stop—stop—it isn't all settled yet. There is another person to consult—Miss Margaret Peterson. Now, I appoint you my ambassador to treat with the lady—you're a personable fellow with a good address—I want you to arrange it all—speak her fair, and get her consent. You have full powers—you understand."

"Perfectly, sir," replied the clerk: but he looked like a man in a maze. It is questionable whether the failure of the house could have increased his stupefaction.

CHAPTER IV.

The ambassador arrived at the house of Mr. Peterson with full powers in a full dress. He was shown into the room occupied by Mr. Matthew Peterson. *Mirabile dictu!* the old gentleman was the grumpy papa of the sylph of Saratoga. Here was another surprise.

"Take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman. "Happy to see you, sir. You come about that little affair, I presume."

"Little affair!" exclaimed Augustus to himself. "His daughter's establishment for life!"

The old gentleman continued: "Mr. Drysalter spoke to me about it. But as the arrangement of his discourse was very illogical, I found it very difficult to understand him. You come prepared to explain every thing."

"I come to propose, Mr. Peterson."

"That's hearty. I hate dangles. A comfortable provision is promised the girl—and that's all I require. On my part, sir, I can furnish nothing but blood—blood, sir: the blood in our veins is derived from an honorable line, our great great grandfather having been knighted by George II., and lord mayor of London. There is no need of words about the matter—I like the proposal—I accept it—and you can tell the girl so herself."

"But sir,——"

"No buts, sir—I have said it. I am a positive old gentleman; I know it, and I glory in it. My words are as inflexible as an Irish weathercock, or the laws of the Medes and Persians. Good morning, sir." The descendant of the lord mayor of London left the room, but his place was soon supplied by his daughter, the blue-eyed sylph of Saratoga.

After some common-place remarks the conversation took a very interesting turn. Augustus began to speak in the character of an ambassador, but Margaret could not help wishing he was pleading his own passion. The young man soon grew interested in his subject; he forgot that he was acting as an agent, the importance of his union with Miss Drysalter escaped from his view, and he only saw the loving and lovely Margaret gazing with fondness on his face.

"This lover—this Mr. Drysalter," said the lady, hesitatingly, "is—is rather too old. You know what the song says—

"An old, an old man
Will never do for me,
For May and December
Will never, will never agree."

Decidedly too old—I can't accept."

"Am I too old, Miss Margaret?"

"Why no."

"Can—can—can you love me?"

"I'll—I'll—I'll try."

"And will you marry me?"

"Perhaps."

CHAPTER V.

It was a very singular fact, to prove which I can bring witnesses of indubitable veracity, that about half-past five o'clock, on a July afternoon, as Mr. Augustus Summery was walking down the central avenue of a tea-garden in the Bowery, with Miss Jane Drysalter upon his arm, Mr. John Invoice appeared approaching in an opposite direction, escorting, in similar fashion, the fair person of Miss Margaret Peterson. The parties met in the middle of the walk, and, like the Leslies and Seytons of "the Abbot," neither appeared willing to make way for the other. Their objects, however, were amicable, and an exchange of partners was speedily effected. This done, without a word, the gentlemen escorted the ladies to the gate of the garden, and handed them into a carriage which was in attendance. After a glance around, Messrs. Summery and Invoice entered the vehicle, the coachman put the steps up and the door to, sprang to his box, cracked his whip, and away they went!

CHAPTER VI.

"Mr. Summery not in yet?" asked Mr. Ebenezer Drysalter, as he hung his hat upon a pin in his counting-room on the ensuing morning. "Never knew him so late before—don't like it—Punctuality's the soul of business. Where's the morning paper?"

"Great news, sir," said the clerk, who handed the great man the paper with a broad grin upon his face. "Wish you joy, sir."

Mr. Ebenezer Drysalter opened the blanket sheet. He ran over the news with a curious eye, and was about to drop the print when he happened to glance at the list of marriages, in which he found the following—"Last evening,

"At Fishcreek, by 'Squire Harmanus Barkalow, Mr. Augustus Summery, of the firm of Drysalter and Summery, to Miss Margaret, only daughter of Matthew Peterson, Esq. of this city."

"Also, Mr. John Invoice, to Miss Jane, youngest daughter of Ebenezer Drysalter, Esq., all of this city."

An elderly gentleman in a passion is a very imposing spectacle. Mr. Ebenezer Drysalter appeared almost rabid; and there was a rush of clerks from the counting-room, like a boat's crew that "starn all" at the flurry of a whale. As the paroxysm passed away, the great man folded up the paper, and deposited it in his pocket, took down his hat from its peg, brushed the beaver carefully, placed it on his head, and issued into the street. He wended his way with

rapid steps to the house of Mr. Peterson. In the hall he encountered that gentleman himself.

"Do you know it?" gasped the importer of dry goods.

"Ha! ha! yes!" replied Mr. Peterson.

"To think of his atrocity. But yesterday I took him into partnership. But the firm shall be dissolved; and your daughter, sir,——"

—— "Showed her taste in preferring a young man to an old one.

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together."

Thank your stars, Ebenezer, my old friend, that chance has defeated your plan of making an ape of yourself in your declining years. Jane has not thrown herself away, and if you're willing to be reconciled, you can find the young couples in the parlor. They took breakfast with me."

The old gentleman entered the breakfast-room. There was one of those scenes that occur in the last act of a comedy; fine speeches by young gentlemen, and tears by young ladies, and a free pardon by the fathers. Mr. Ebenezer Drysalter did nothing to the detriment of his junior partner and son-in-law, and consoled himself with the old adage—WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, MUST BE ENDURED.

THE HEBREW MUSE.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

BREAK forth in song—awake, sweet lyre!
No more should Winter's breath profane the strings
That erst were fanned by seraph wings—
But let thine ancient God the song inspire.
From thee of old,—harmonious shell,
What heaven-born strains of music fell—
When sainted David tuned thy trembling chords!
A mortal singing angels' words—
When, warm with inspiration's fires,
He swept with frenzied hand thy quiv'ring wires,
And shed a thrilling rapture round;
While Heaven was bent to hear—and God approved the sound.

I. 2.

Oh! holy harp—of nobler strain
 Than Homer's torrent song, or Maro's lay,
 Long have thy golden strings neglected lain
 Since that, thy brightest day.
 But wake again—be strong once more
 To sing those PROPHET-BARDS of yore,
 Who, on thy wires their glowing praise expressed—
 Their song forth flaming from their breast—
 Since first the leader of the anointed host
 Beheld the proud Egyptian's boast,
 Humbled beneath his vengeful rod—
 And sung with rapturous voice the triumph of his God.*

I. 3.

Whelmed beneath the angry wave
 Lay the mighty and the brave—
 While the sons of Abram stood
 (Securely crossed that swelling flood!)
 And viewed their billowy grave.
 Then Moses sang the thrilling story
 "God hath triumphed, God's the glory!"
 While the timbrels joined the chorus
 And the virgins tuned their voice,
 "Shout! our foes are fallen before us—
 And ye holy tribes rejoice!
 Behold the triumph that your God hath made—
 Behold the horse and rider in the deep,
 Low, 'neath the surge is haughty Pharo laid,
 And Egypt's daughters are but left to weep.
 Vain were their steeds of war—their chariots vain—
 Our God but sent his breath—the embattled hosts were slain."

II. 1.

Hushed is the song. The muse divine
 Led by the mystic cloud and pillar'd blaze,
 With pilgrim feet o'er desert ways
 Journeys towards Canaan's land of milk and wine.
 At length on Sion-hill she stood,
 (A home, how pleasant and how good!)
 And waked again to song her murmuring shell,
 † Thy monarch heard, oh Israel!
 When heavy gloom perplexed his breast,
 And fiend-wrought fears his troubled soul oppress—
 Lulled by the sound, his griefs were still;
 While rung the magic chords—while gushed th' harmonious rill.

* We may date the commencement of Hebrew poetry at the time when Moses and the children of Israel sang their song of triumph at the Red Sea.—Exodus—XV. Chapter.

† Saul—who, when David played on the harp, was free from the influence of evil spirits; as, see 1 Samuel, XVI. 23.

II. 2.

* Hark, in the palace halls, the lay,
 Sung by the royal bard, is rising high;
 The monarch's fingers o'er the harp-strings play,
 And, like an angel's, fly.
 Around celestial glory gleams,—
 All radiant with etherial beams
 The dove-like Spirit lights upon the lyre,
 And fills with life each conscious wire—
 While echoing round, the dazzled chamber rings
 With melodies that Gabriel sings,
 When high in heaven the song ascends—
 And o'er his golden harp th' adoring seraph bends.

II. 3.

† Now—emerging from the wood
 Wrapt in odors sweet and good,
 Like the rose which Sharon rears,
 Lo! a stately form appears—
 While Spring unbinds the flood.
 Before him fairest flowers are blowing,
 On the air their incense throwing—
 Loud the vocal groves are ringing,
 See the budding fig-trees bloom—
 Hark—the turtle-dove is singing,
 And the vineyard yields perfume.
 The bard with joy his holy lay prolongs,
 Bids towering Salem's beauteous maids rejoice—
 Warbles with tuneful tongue THE SONG OF SONGS,
 And charms the list'ning mountains with his voice.
 Nor far behind him comes a sainted sire,
 His harp with rapture strung—his lips
 New touched with liquid fire.‡

III. 1.

Oh noblest of the reverend seers—
 Oh, more than mortal bard—what power is thine!
 What magic hath thy lyre divine,
 That wakes to pure delight—or melts to tears.
 To thee alone of men 'twas given
 With mortal eyes to gaze on heaven—
 To see, when light unkindled shone,
 The sceptered Thunderer's flaming throne—
 To view the Cherubim before
 Their awful monarch bend—and veiled adore:
 To know the homage angels pay—
 To hear their lofty praise, and *imitate* the lay.

* Descriptive of the Psalms.

† King Solomon's Canticles, the style of which it imitates.

‡ Isaiah's prophecies. Isaiah was probably the most sublime of the Hebrew poets. The Uzian bard is of course not reckoned among the Jewish prophets. See the circumstances to which the following strophe refers in Isaiah, VI. chapter, 1 verse, *et seq.*

III. 2.

Now he on whom thy mantle fell,*
 Awed by the heavenly vision pours his prayer.
 Shiggaion's notes prolong the lofty swell,
 And this the praise they bear—
 From Daran's Mount THE HOLY ONE
 Came like the brightness of the Sun
 Armed with his shining darts and spear,
 The starry orbs were hushed with fear :
 But hark—a plaintive voice declares at hand
 The doomsday of a guilty land,
 And sad his sighing words foretell
 The woes on thee to fall—God-nurtured Israel ! †

III. 3.

‡ Far from Sion's holy hill,
 Lo ! the muse sedate and still,
 Hangs upon the willow's bough
 Her harp—once sweet but tuneless now—
 And weeps o'er all her ill.
 Her thoughts to distant Salem flying,
 Sad she views in ruin lying
 All the pride and towering glory
 Of the home she loved so well,
 Juda's fields with carnage gory—
 Hinnom—made the vale of hell !
 Alas ! sad land—No more the muse shall tread
 By cool Siloam stream, or Zion hill,
 But mute she bends o'er heathen rills her head,
 And weeps for thee ; though lost—remembered still.
 O'er her fair limbs is tattered sackcloth flung ;
 Hangs o'er her drooping head, her sorrowing lyre unstrung !

A. C. C.

* Habbakuk, III. chapter.

† The Prophecies of Jeremiah.

‡ The Babylonish Captivity.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Crichton; by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. In two Volumes.
New-York; Harper and Brothers.*

OUT of materials, evidently collected with great labor and research, the author of Rookwood has built up a novel of classic elegance and harmonious proportions. Indeed, so various is the knowledge which he displays of the peculiar manners, customs, and lore, of that chivalric period when the admirable Scott blazed comet-like before the gaze of Europe, that we are half inclined to suspect that the story was formed rather as a setting for these gems of learning, than that they were gathered for the purpose of illustrating and adorning the fiction itself. Page after page meets us with so much that is strange and fantastic in ornament, that we are constantly reminded of the antique illuminations on the margins of parchment-books—and fancy that the letters will start into curious shapes, with colours of green, and blue, and red. In two or three of the songs which are introduced, the American publisher has with good taste copied the blackletter of the English edition. We are not disposed to favor similar affectations in printing sometimes introduced by the author to prank forth meanness of thought and expression; but such aids to the fancy in a modern book, which treats of the olden time, are not to be neglected.

"Crichton" will not be a popular novel. It does not lack strong and rapid interest, but it is very far from being written in the intensive style of the day. The stars are no where apostrophized, the moon is not invoked to descend from her cerulean throne, the breezes are not called upon to fan the cheek and lift the ringlets of any beautiful female with large hazel eyes, nor are those eyes made the theme of enthusiastic effusion for six or more mortal pages. The incidents are startling, and often wonderful, but not altogether impracticable. The reader is not mercilessly stretched out on the rack of suspense, nor is his curiosity tortured on the slow revolving wheel of digression. There are no impertinences, no outrages on common sense, and no mysterious goings out, which seem to have all the awkward contortions without the inspiration of the Sybil. For these reasons and some others, the novel will not take with the public. The faults we have to find are that the story is too complex, too dream-like; one event is tangled with another; there is not sufficient clearness; the mind is constantly distracted by the illustrations from the story. The portrait of Crichton is very admirably drawn, and so is that of Esclairmonde, the heroine. We are occasionally arrested by such beautiful passages as those; but we pass over all the songs and many descriptions to get at the tale. These songs and descriptions are so episodical that one could read every incident in the volumes without stopping to look at one of them. In some places you may turn over half a dozen pages without losing any thing that has happened to the characters on the scene.

"Crichton" would have afforded an admirable subject for a drama; but the

author followed the taste of the age and made a romance. All the qualities for a stage-hero are marvellously combined in Crichton. He was a sort of private Buonaparte. He conquered in the schools, he conquered in the lists, he conquered in the ball room. His beauty was matched only by his strength. When he danced, he seemed Apollo stepped from his pedestal; when he fought, he was Mars descended from his car.

He is first introduced by the author, after having just concluded a learned contest with the doctors of the University of Paris. He had come off victor by universal acclaim, and was there and then first endowed with the title by which he was ever afterwards distinguished—"The Admirable." So immense was the attendance of great men from all parts of France, to witness the discussion, that the scholars of the University were excluded, and forced to remain without the gates with the populace, who waited to witness among the nobles and chiefs of the kingdom, the egress of this world wonder. After a graphic description of the magnificent train which preceded, the rector is introduced.

"At his side, and on his right hand, walked one on whom all eyes were bent with wonder and curiosity. The rector and his companion stopped without the gateway, when, as if they were influenced by some sudden and uncontrollable impulse, one long, loud, continuous acclamation burst from the ranks of the scholars. Nor were the graver members of the university silent. Even the doctors of theology lent the aid of their voices—while the archers, raising themselves in their stirrups, lifted their helmets from their brows, and waving them in the air, increased and prolonged the clamor by their vociferations.

"Crichton, for the reader will no doubt have surmised that he was the 'loadstar of all eyes,' possessed an exterior so striking, and a manner so eminently prepossessing, that his mere appearance seemed to act like a spell on the beholders. The strongest sympathy was instantly and universally excited in his favor. Youth is ever interesting; but youth so richly graced as Crichton's, could not fail to produce an extraordinary impression. At the sight of him, the whole aspect of things was changed. Enthusiasm, amounting almost to devotion, usurped the place of animosity, and all vindictive feelings, resulting from wounded pride or other petty annoyances, were obliterated or forgotten. Even discomfiture wore the aspect of victory.

"But in the demeanor of the victor no external sign of self-elation was perceptible. He might not be insensible to the distinction of his achievement, but he plumed himself not upon it, or rather, with the modesty ever inherent in true greatness, appeared to underrate his own success. His cheek was slightly flushed, and a smile of tempered satisfaction played upon his countenance as he acknowledged the stunning applauses of the concourse before him. No traces of over-exertion or excitement were visible in his features or deportment. He would seem, to judge from his composed and collected manner, to have quitted a debate in which he had taken no further part than that of an auditor. His brow was unclouded, his look serene, his step buoyant;—and, as his bright eye wandered over the multitude, there was not an individual upon whom his gaze momentarily rested, but felt his heart leap within his breast.

"The countenance of Crichton was one that Phidias might have portrayed, so nearly did its elevated and ennobled character of beauty approach to the ideal standard of perfection erected by the great Athenian sculptor. Chiselled like those of some ancient head of the Delphic god, the features were wrought with the utmost fineness and precision—the contour of the face was classical and harmonious—the *mens divini* breathed from every lineament—the lips were firm, full, and fraught with sensibility, yet giving token of the most dauntless resolution—the chin was proudly curved—the nose Grecian—the nostril thin and haughty as that of an unbroken barb of the desert—the brow was ample and majestic, shaded by dark brown hair, disposed in thick ringlets after the manner of the antique. There was a brilliancy of color and a sparkling freshness in Crichton's complexion, the more surprising, as the pallid hue and debilitated look of the toil-worn student might more naturally be expected in his features than the rosy bloom of health. In compliance with the fashion of the day, a slight mustache feathered his upper lip, and a short pointed beard clothed his chin, and added to the grave manliness of his aspect.

We shall attempt no continued analysis of the plot, confident that the readers of this magazine at least will praise this novel; but, with one or two further extracts, and some allusion to the splendid personages of the drama, close a notice which we have been at some pains to avoid making entirely commendatory.

The volumes are not divided regularly in chapters, but into three epochs of "The First Day," "The First Night," and the "Second Night;" each of which is subdivided into chapters. At the commencement of "The First Night," Catharine de Medicis and all her beautiful attendant court are introduced; after a series of exciting descriptions, among which that of the monarch herself is introduced, follows one of the maids, around whom clusters the chief interest of the romance, as it is she to whom the noble heart of Crichton is devoted. To be remarked by Crichton was enough to captivate any woman; but "la belle Esclairmonde" loved him with a devotion different from that of all other stars of that brilliant court, for it was the devotion of a pure heart. Esclairmonde is present at a fete given by the king, as one of the train of the queen-mother; and at this fete her beauty first met the gaze of the voluptuous monarch. And well it might! we exclaim, as we read the following.

"Alas! how inadequate are mere *words* to convey a notion of the beauty we would wish to portray. The creation of the poet's fancy fades in the evanescent coloring he is compelled to employ. The pen cannot trace what the pencil is enabled so vividly to depict: it cannot accurately define the exquisite contour of the face, neither can it supply the breathing hues of the cheek—the kindling lustre of the eye—the dewy gloss of the lip—or the sheen of the hair—be it black as the raven's wing, or glowing as a sunbeam, or fleecy as a summer cloud. The imagination alone can furnish these details; and to the reader's imagination we would gladly intrust the portraiture of Esclairmonde, venturing, however, to offer a few farther hints for his guidance.

"Imagine, then, features moulded in the most harmonious form of beauty, and chiselled with a taste at once softened and severe. The eyes are of a dark deep blue, swimming with a chastened tenderness. An inexpressible charm reigns about the lips; and a slight dimple, in which a thousand Cupids might bask, softly indents the smooth and rounded chin. Raised from the brow, so as completely to display its snowy expanse, the rich auburn hair is gathered in plaits at the top of the head—crisped with light curls at the sides—ornamented with a string of pearls, and secured at the back with a knot of ribands; a style of head-dress introduced by the unfortunate Mary Stuart, from whom it derived its name, and then universally adopted in the French court. The swan-like throat is encircled by a flat collar of starched muslin, edged with pointed lace. Rich purple velvet of Florence constitutes the material of the dress—the long and sharp bodice of which attracted Henri's attention to the slender shape and distinctly-defined bosom of the lovely demoiselle.

"In passing, we may remark, that the rage for the excessively attenuated waist was then at its highest. Our tight-laced grandmothers were nothing to the wasp-shaped dames of the court of Catharine de Medicis. Fitting like a cuirass, the corset was tightened around the shape till its fair wearer, if her figure happened to exceed the supposed limits of gracefulness, could scarcely gasp beneath the parasite folds; while the same preposterous sleeve which characterized the cavaliers of the period, likewise distinguished the dames. Nor had Esclairmonde neglected due observance of this beauty-outraging mode, or, despite her personal attractions, she had hardly found favor in her sovereign's eyes. These prodigious coverings of the arms, we are informed, were stuffed out and sustained by a huge pile of wool, and were of such amplitude and width that they would easily have contained three or four of our modern, and, by comparison, moderately-sized sleeves. Edged with pointed lace, starched like that of the collar, a ruff of muslin completed the gear of the arm. Around her neck was hung a chain of bronze medallions, and a single pear-shaped pearl descended from the acute extremity of her stomacher.

"Tall and majestic in figure, the carriage of Esclairmonde was graceful and dignified; and, as he contemplated her soft and sunny countenance, Henri thought that, with one solitary exception, he had never beheld an approach to its beauty.

That exception was Mary of Scotland, whose charms, at the period when she was united to his elder brother, Francis the Second, had made a lively impression on his youthful heart, some sense of which he still retained, and whose exquisite lineaments those of Esclairmonde so much resembled, as forcibly to recall their remembrance to his mind. There was the sleepy languor of the dark blue eye—the same ineffable sweetness of smile—the same pearly teeth displayed by that smile—the same *petit nez retroussé* (that prettiest of all feminine features, and well meriting La Fontaine's admiration—

‘Nez troussé, c’est une charme encore selon mon sens,
C’en est même un des plus puissans—’

though perhaps it may evidence a slight tendency to coquetry on the part of the owner—the same arched and even brow—in short, there were a hundred traits of resemblance which Henri was not slow to discover.”

A very amusing character is Chicot, the king's jester, who combined goodness of heart with his folly. His malice is innocent, for its shafts pierce only the treacherous and base. Ruggieri, the astrologer, the practiser of the dark arts, and the conniver and plotter of the queen-mother's dark design, is painted with a hand like that of the old masters as it is displayed on the living canvass in Italian galleries. Marguerite, (Marguerite des Marguerites, “pearl of pearls,” as she was sometimes called,) queen of Navarre, is admirably portrayed—the most fascinating woman of a time celebrated for its beauties, the most voluptuous, the most passionate. With a bolder hand is Henri of Navarre (afterwards the great *Henri quatre*) drawn. No less fidelity is displayed in the portraiture of all the main and collateral personages of the story. Mr. Ainsworth has executed the task of preserving the individuality of his characters remarkably well, and therein displays that his powers as a novelist are of the first order. Should his aim be universal popularity, he must show less knowledge and introduce less poetry into his pages; but if he is independent of the labors of his pen, he will excite that praise which is most likely to be enduring, by writing other works as nearly similar in merit as possible to “Crichton.”

*Characteristics of Women; by Mrs. Jamieson. Author's edition.
Saunders and Otley.*

WE know of no recent literary reputation so enviable in a female as that of Mrs. Jamieson—so peculiar, so well won, nor so likely to endure.

There are many women in these days that write, but there are few female writers; few in whom our peculiar interest in them as women is not lessened nearly in proportion as our admiration of them as writers increases. But Mrs. Jamieson, even in the most powerful touches of her pen, is still essentially feminine—still always identified with what is most charming in the sex, and she shines not least as a woman when dazzling most as an author. The work now before us has met with such universal commendation, that it would be impertinent to record our vote of praise at this hour. We could not help, however, while re-reading it, marking a number of characteristic passages, which, from the exquisite critical taste displayed in them, can never grow stale. And first, we have placed together several detached sentences, which embody the following admirable comparison between

PORTIA AND ISABELLA.

“A prominent feature in Portia's character, is that confiding, buoyant spirit,

which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility.

"A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education: in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervid imagination.

"Isabella is distinguished from Portia, and strongly individualized by a certain moral grandeur, a saintly grace, something of vestal dignity and purity, which render her less attractive and more imposing; she is 'severe in youthful beauty,' and inspires a reverence which would have placed her beyond the daring of one unholy wish or thought, except in such a man as Angelo—

"O cunning enemy! that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook."

"This impression of her character is conveyed from the very first, when Lucio, the libertine jester, whose coarse audacious wit checks at every feather, thus expresses his respect for her—

"I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted;
By your renouncement, and immortal spirit,
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint."

"A strong distinction between Isabella and Portia is produced by the circumstances in which they are respectively placed. Portia is a high-born heiress, 'Lord of a fair mansion, master of her servants, queen o'er herself;' easy and decided, as one born to command and used to it. Isabella has also the innate dignity which renders her 'queen o'er herself,' but she has lived far from the world and its pomps and pleasures; she is one of a consecrated sisterhood—a novice of St. Clare; the power to command obedience, and to confer happiness, are to her unknown. Portia is a splendid creature, radiant with confidence, hope, and joy; she is like the orange-tree, hung at once with golden fruit and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favoring skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven. Isabella is like a stately and graceful cedar towering on some Alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. She gives us the impression of one who had passed under the ennobling discipline of suffering and self-denial: a melancholy charm tempers the natural vigor of her mind: her spirit seems to stand upon an eminence and look down upon the world as if already 'enskyed and sainted;' and yet when brought in contact with that world which she inwardly despises, she shrinks back with all the timidity natural to her cloistral education.

"This union of natural grace and grandeur with the habits and sentiments of a recluse,—of austerity of life with gentleness of manner,—of inflexible moral principle with humility and even bashfulness of deportment, is delineated with the most beautiful and wonderful consistency."

BEATRICE.

"Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners, and allusions, are those of a particular class in a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork is strongly discriminated; and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her

wit, (which is brilliant without being imaginative,) there is a touch of insolence not unfrequent in women, when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant, and her satirical humor plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward,—she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy,—whose wit consists in a temporary allusion or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief,—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney."

ROSALIND.

"Every thing about Rosalind breathes of 'youth and youth's sweet prime.' She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—'By this hand it will not hurt a fly!' As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugment of her delicacy. Shakspeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their dress, as we shall see further when we come to Viola and Imogen, Rosalind has in truth 'no doublet and hose in her disposition.' How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of the kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession—her fears lest she should have revealed her sex—her presence of mind, and quick-witted excuse—

'I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited—'

and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses,—are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety!

'For innocence hath a privilege in her
To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes.'

JULIET.

"All Shakspeare's women, being essentially women, either love, or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life blood along her veins, blending with every atom of her frame. The love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia—so airy-delicate and fearless in Miranda—so sweetly confiding in Perdita—so playfully fond in Rosalind—so constant in Imogen—so devoted in Desdemona—so fervent in Helen—so tender in Viola,—is each and all of these in Juliet. All these remind us of her; but she reminds us of nothing but her own sweet self: or if she does, it is of the Gismunda, or the Lisetta, or the Fiammetta of Boccaccio, to whom she is allied, not in the character or circumstances, but in the truly Italian spirit, the glowing national complexion of the portrait.

"The picture in 'Twelfth Night' of the wan girl dying of love, 'who pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy,' would never surely occur to us, when thinking on the enamoured and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom

love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm into passion, passion into heroism! No, the whole sentiment of the play is of a far different cast. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the south; it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life. We have indeed the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world; the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair:—the aching adieu; the pang unutterable of parted affection; and rapture, truth, and tenderness trampled into an early grave: but still an Elysian grace lingers round the whole, and the blue sky of Italy bends over all!"

OPHELIA.

"An admired critic declares, that 'there is nothing in Ophelia which could make her the object of an engrossing passion to so majestic a spirit as Hamlet.'

"Now, though it be with reluctance, and even considerable mistrust of myself, that I differ from a critic who can thus feel and write, I do not think so—I do think, with submission, that the love of Hamlet for Ophelia is deep, is real, and is precisely the kind of love which such a man as Hamlet would feel for such a woman as Ophelia.

"When the heathens would represent their Jove as clothed in all his Olympian terrors, they mounted him on the back of an eagle, and armed him with the lightnings; but when in Holy Writ the Supreme Being is described as coming in his glory, He is upborne on the wings of cherubim, and his emblem is the dove. Even so our blessed religion, which has revealed deeper mysteries in the human soul than ever were dreamt of by philosophy till she went hand-in-hand with faith, has taught us to pay that worship to the symbols of purity and innocence which in darker times was paid to the manifestations of power; and therefore do I think that the mighty intellect, the capacious, soaring, penetrating genius of Hamlet, may be represented without detracting from its grandeur, as reposing upon the tender virgin innocence of Ophelia, with all that deep delight with which a superior nature contemplates the goodness which is at once perfect in itself, and of itself unconscious. That Hamlet regards Ophelia with this kind of tenderness,—that he loves her with a love as intense as can belong to a nature in which there is (I think) much more of contemplation and sensibility than action or passion,—is the feeling and conviction with which I have always read the play of Hamlet."

*A History of New-York, for Schools; by Wm. Dunlap, in 2 vols.
New-York. Collins, Keese & Co.*

THE venerable Mr. Dunlap, it is well known, has been long engaged upon a large historical work, of which the annals of the state of New-York should furnish the subject matter. Guided by a veteran literary experience, his preparatory studies and researches among old records have been conducted with all the zeal of youth, and his numerous friends look forward with high expectation to the completion of his arduous labors. In the meantime our author, like many of the most successful men of letters, has been compelled to devote a portion of his time to the production of some lighter work, which should leave him both the leisure and the means for graver labors. And the little book before us comes out as the pioneer of the larger work of the same name. It is intended chiefly for the use of children and schools; and while confidently recommending it to such, we must add that this little *History of New-York* contains much that will be equally new and entertaining to many an older reader. It affords some glimpses of society in the olden time of the "Colony," which are especially curious. An instance of this will be found in the following story, which, though we have curtailed it of its fair proportion, is still given in Mr. Dunlap's words.

"Miss Sarah Wilson was among the lady servants to the honorable Miss

Vernon, who was a servant, or maid of honor, to the queen. Unfortunately Miss Wilson was not a maid of *honor* or *honesty*; for she, although a favorite of the honorable Miss Vernon's, and an intelligent young lady herself, coveted the diamonds, and other finery, which glittered in her eyes; and having an accidental opportunity, when on an errand to her majesty, opened a casket and stole the queen's picture, richly set in diamonds, with several other jewels, which she secreted about her person, and carried off."

"This poor young woman, although accomplished as it is called, had been badly taught, and had bad examples before her. The jewels were after a time missed, but no suspicion fell upon Miss Wilson. In such cases suspicion often falls upon the innocent, and they perhaps suffer. After a time one of the jewels was offered by a jeweller for sale; it was known to have been the queen's. Inquiry was made after the person who sold it to the dealer, and although Miss Wilson had been very cunning, as she thought, the fact of selling the jewel was traced to her. The very circumstance of her being disguised when she sold the article was a proof of her guilt, and served to convict her. She was taken up, tried, and condemned, according to the laws of England, to suffer death."

"But, although her parents had caused her to be poor, by giving all their property to her brother that he might do honor to the family name, as is customary in Europe, they now sought to save themselves from the disgrace of having a child publicly executed as a felon; and Miss Vernon, whose attendant she had been, (and who had been attached to her,) likewise exerted herself to prevent the sad catastrophe. In short, she was reprieved; that is, the execution was put off—and after a time she was sentenced to be transported to the colonies, and sold as a servant, or slave, for life."

"But she persisted in declaring herself innocent, and had such consummate art as to conceal and carry away with her the picture and the remainder of the stolen property. This can only be accounted for from the favor shown her by her former lady, Miss Vernon; for if she had been searched with the rigor used in the cases of common criminals, the jewels must have been found."

"With other convicts she was transported to Maryland, and purchased by Mr. Duval, of Bush creek. It is to be supposed that she was not treated as a common servant, perhaps her employment was that of a nurse, or if she could make her master and mistress believe that she had been unjustly condemned, she might have been intrusted as a teacher to the children of the family. Be that as it may, she had now become an adept in deceit, and she formed a bold plan to obtain liberty, and make use of the property she had concealed. We must imagine that by the favor shown her, she had been suffered to bring with her the clothing in which she had officiated as Miss Vernon's attendant. By what means she escaped from Mr. Duval's is not recorded; and we are left to suppose that, having gained the confidence of the family, she might have been left in charge of the house when the master and mistress made some distant visit. Certain it is that she escaped to Virginia, and there appeared in a fictitious character; and that she was received and treated as the princess *Susannah Carolina Matilda*, and sister to the queen of England."

"To make my story probable, I must introduce another character; a most finished rogue, well known in his time by the name of Tom Bell. This vagabond had been likewise sent from an English prison to add to the value of his majesty's plantations, for so the people of England used to call all this country."

"You may imagine that it would be difficult for this woman, however artful, to pass off for a princess, and impose on the people of Virginia, as is recorded, if she had not been assisted by some cunning confederate. Such a one was Tom Bell. This accomplished scoundrel had been sold to a trader or shopkeeper, in Burlington, New Jersey, and gained the good-will of his master so far that he was intrusted to carry goods about the country as a pedlar. You may suppose he cheated the confiding owner, and by degrees accumulated some money from the gains of his pack. He then decamped, pack and all, and by various artifices got off to Virginia. You must remember that at that time the country was thinly inhabited, the roads bad, newspapers scarcely known in comparison to our days, and although Tom was advertised, he eluded detection. He fell in with Sarah Wilson, and recognised, in her, one who had been tried at the same assizes with himself, although they had been shipped for America by separate vessels and to different colonies. As they were known to each other, they were obliged

to trust each other; and Tom communicated to her a bold plan of imposture, after inducing her to confess that she had possession of some money, as well as himself, and (what suggested the scheme to him) a good wardrobe, rich jewels, and the queen's picture.

"The story they agreed upon was probably this. That she should declare herself to be the princess Susannah Carolina Matilda, sister to the queen of England, and he was to personate her betrothed lover, Mr. Edward Sothway, a private gentleman of fortune; for the love of whom she had been induced to fly to America, as her royal relations forbade their union. That she had lately received letters which rendered further incognito unnecessary; despatches by which they had certainty of being recalled, and the marriage permitted; he being first elevated to the rank of an earl, by his gracious majesty, at the intercession of his royal consort. As proofs of her high rank she was to produce the jewels, and, above all, the picture of her august sister."

"It is recorded, and it is undoubted, that this Sarah Wilson, now become familiar with deceit and crime, (for it is the nature of guilt, my children, to strengthen by practice, one crime leading to another,) it is certain that this woman was received and entertained in Virginia, and in both the Carolinas, as a princess; that she imitated the manners she had seen at court, and although she received presents and borrowed money from the gentlemen she imposed upon, she affected the state of royalty, and graciously extended her hand to be kissed by her visitors. In the colonies at that time, you must remember that the people received their rulers from England; those who desired offices of trust and profit looked to England for them; they called England *home*, as if America was only a place of exile; they had the prejudices in favor of hereditary monarchy and nobility belonging to the country their fathers came from; they were told by every act of the *mother country* that they were dependant and inferior; and some, at this time, seemed to believe that they were debased by their situation. It is hardly yet believed by some among us, that a plain honest democrat without title can be equal to a titular European."

"Sarah Wilson and Tom Bell, having digested their plan of operations, separated for a time to put it in execution. It was necessary that he should appear as a gentleman, and at that time the apparel of a gentleman was very costly. He must have a wig, which must be dressed every day; he must have several suits of apparel, of cloth, silk, or velvet, trimmed with gold or silver lace; silk stockings; gold or paste knee and shoe buckles; a gold laced hat, and a sword with a richly ornamented hilt. All this Tom was obliged to purchase, and, moreover, several negroes to attend him and the pretended princess. She made her appearance at the head inn of one of the principal towns of Virginia, in the dress and character of a great English lady, who was to be joined in a few days by a gentleman of distinction; he arrived, the honorable Mr. Sothway; curiosity was excited, and the story of the princess and her betrothed lover was buzzed abroad. She was waited upon; confided her pretended history to those who were eager to hear it. She told her visitors that she had assurances from *home*, that all the indiscretion of her flight was forgiven; a ship of war was to be sent for her; and on her return to St. James's, her marriage would take place as soon as the honorable Mr. Edward Sothway had been elevated to the peerage. Hints, however, were given that funds ran low; but great remittances were expected. Those who kissed the royal hand of the princess were promised governments, and other high offices, if civilians; if military men, promotion in the army; if in the navy, ships. Any sums her 'royal highness' required were forthcoming; all was in train, and the capital laid out in clothes, equipage, and attendants was likely to be returned with usurious interest. She was received, says a printed account, as 'a sprig of royalty' from house to house, and condescendingly permitted the masters to kiss her hand. They entertained her with honors, and she repaid the honors with compliments and the cash with promises. So stood affairs when, one day, the princess's betrothed, with the usual ceremony, requested a private interview, (for Tom was kept at most respectful distance;) and the request being granted, he exhibited a newspaper to her royal highness with the following advertisement:

"*Bush Creek, Frederick County, Maryland, October 11th, 1771.* Run away from the subscriber, a convict servant-maid, named Sarah Wilson, but has changed her name to lady Susannah Carolina Matilda, which made the publick believe that she was his majesty's sister. She has a blemish over the right eye,

dark rolled hair, stoops in the shoulders, makes a common practice of writing and marking her clothes with a crown and a B. Whoever secures the said servant woman, or takes her home, shall receive five pistoles, besides all costs and charges. WM. DUVAL. I entitle Michael Dalton to search the city of Philadelphia, and from thence to Charlestown, for the said woman. WM. DUVAL."

"Tom Bell secured the only paper that had found its way into that part of Virginia. But the confederates thought it was time to move farther from Philadelphia, where the advertisement was published. They pretended a journey to the north, and took leave as for a few days of their dupes; but soon separated; and by concert met again in South Carolina, where they played over the same game with equal success. She, however, changing her title to the 'Princess Augusta de Waldegrave.' Dalton, however, pursued them; and Tom, hearing of his arrival at Charlestown, robbed the princess, and left her to be claimed as a runaway convict, and conveyed ignominiously back to Maryland."

The curious picture of society in New Jersey before the Revolution, presented elsewhere, reminds us of some scenes in Mississippi and Arkansas, described in that veritable history, "The Confessions of the Land Pirate Murrell."

Society in America; by Harriet Martineau. Saunders & Otley. In three vols. Vol. 1.

WE certainly enjoy great and peculiar privileges as a people; we do not mean in the sense that Fourth of July orators set them forth periodically to their patriotic hearers; for of that all of us are now fully aware. But our singular happiness as a nation lies in that custodian watchfulness which old mother Europe has ever for our morals and manners; a watchfulness which keeps her for ever pulling at the overgrown child, nudging, tucking, turning and twisting it to see that it never goes wrong in either dress or behaviour, soils its pinafore, or over-eats itself, until the poor thing is so pushed about, rumped and mumbled over and over, that it is almost impossible to tell what the real Jonathan would have looked like if left wholly to himself. This is about the kindest view that we can take of the manifold efforts of disinterested Europeans to improve us; but there is still another not quite so flattering to our self-love; and that is, that instead of looking upon us as a kind of pet people—a *cosset* nation, which they would fain tame into household ways, they do actually regard us as a sort of political excrescence, a wild offshoot from Christendom, a self-outlawed gang of Ishmaelites, whom it behoves all of the true faith to set upon and spoil, and hold up to the nations as a reproach and a bye-word. And verily if the latter be the case, we deserve it. We have always chosen to live upon the breath of European opinion, and so long as we are willing to have all our thinking done abroad, we must be thankful for whatever pittance of approval they may choose to send us, nor look the gift horse in the mouth. If the foreign tourist pats us on the back, and says we are a very decent, well-behaved people after all, and he has great hopes of us when we are a few centuries older, let us be grateful for the condescension arising from his benevolence; and when he tells us,

"With the mild chiding of a father's tongue,"

that we must totally alter all our habits before we can fairly sit down among the family of nations, why let us lay the gentle reproof to heart, and toil on in patience, in hope that a seat of honor may in time be accorded to us with the rest.

Among the many searching truths interspersed through the book before us, there is not one so wholly incontrovertible as that which alleges the total want of intellectual independence among our countrymen. The author, indeed, in making the charge, refers chiefly to the meanness, as existing between parties and individuals here, and she thus impliedly sustains De Tocqueville in referring it to the operation of democratic institutions and the benumbing tyranny of the majority: but if either had remarked how much greater is our subservience to the opinion of strangers, they must have allowed that the national trait was too deeply engrained in our society to be attributable to causes which lie only upon the surface. There are many combining causes to keep alive this weakness. The main ones exist in the two extremes of society. In our poorer classes, the continual intermingling of foreigners, who are admitted to equal rights of citizenship, prevents the growth of national feeling, and the consequent promotion of homogeneousness of character; while among our richer people, a sort of high-life-below-stairs love of European fashions and prejudices, keeps up a twaddling taste that is fatal to a wholesome and manly nationality of sentiment. Without pausing to detail other causes, let us take the operation of these as they daily exhibit themselves, whether in salons or committee rooms, at a meeting in the Park or a ball at Saratoga. We are writing in the city of New-York, and our remarks, though more particularly applicable here, will suit almost any part of the country. Now, is there ever a meeting of the people here without numbers of the assemblage being brought together by some foreign rallying cry, with which American citizens ought to have no more to do than with the catch-words of Mr. Locke's *mooniacs*? Is not the mere fact of the existence of an *American party*—for no party can exist without an opposition—a sufficient proof that in some way or another a large number of our citizens are still identified, in feeling and prejudice, with the subjects of other governments? and, though disowning those governments, have they not avowed political relations with those subjects? Do they not acknowledge a leader in another country who has sworn to make his influence felt here? Have they not, too, numerous and influential backers among those born in the land, who, in the spirit of partizanship or cosmopolitism, are more willing to identify themselves with this foreign influence than with the feelings and interests of their own countrymen? We speak not here of the political effect of this; we regard the fact only as it operates upon our national character, and keeps our people identified with Europeans. Nay, more; we do not choose to say whether the wealth and labor which the strong arms and stout hearts of these foreigners bring to our shores is not in our opinion a more valuable possession than the existence of an enlightened, democratic, and exclusive national character; a character that shall mark us as an independent and peculiar people. We only revert to the actual state of things, and we believe them to be as we have described them.

We come now to the other class; for without inferring a gradation of ranks, the two extremes of society may still be classified. Mental association produces the same effect here as early habits do in the other instance. These people are *raised*, as they say in Kentucky, upon the moral aliment that is supplied through the medium of novels and magazines. Their standards of taste and propriety are manufactured almost entirely abroad; and, like buckwheat-fed turkies, the whole fibre of their mental system is flavored by their nourishment. They have no test of what is proper or becoming, unless they can refer it to an imported standard. If the reader doubts this, let him ask the first man near him at a dinner party, why a new wine is introduced after a certain dish? why people rinse their mouths in finger bowls? (*horribile dictu*) or why any other tasteful or disgusting

operation is enacted? and the answer will always be—'tis the custom abroad. Nay, let him apply to the mother of that fair girl who has just been initiated into the sultan step of the *seraglioitz* or any other new-fangled-dance—ask the matron how such a thing came to be introduced here, and mark her reply. She will not answer that the dance is graceful, well suited to the music, and one in which many, like her daughter, take great delight; but only, "It is all the fashion in England."

And as with the dinner and the dance, so is it with dress, and manners, and language; there is not the slightest reference to the merits, the taste, or the inherent propriety of the thing itself, but only to "the way they do things abroad." All this has acted but negatively as yet in society; but manners are so intimately connected with morals, that we may yet copy too much from these over-refined Europeans, and something worse than the self-inflicted stigma of second-hand imitation may yet attach to us.

When will our travelling countrymen learn, that though principles of good breeding are the same in all countries, the mere conventionals of society are ever changing, and can hardly be copied without involving some incongruity or absurdity of manners? A Turkish noble is not less a gentleman because he dines differently from his British brother; nor was Sir Philip Sidney less well bred than the most finished elegant of our day, though he probably was wholly ignorant of the impropriety of taking Sherry before Champagne, or drinking Port with his oysters. We must learn to have usages and customs of our own; borrowing, indeed, occasionally from our older brethren over the waters, but borrowing discreetly; not imitating by the wholesale. And when harmless peculiarities do spring up among us, and are commented upon by strangers, why, instead of trying to explain them away, answer only as the sturdy Englishman always does, "It is the custom of the country."

Miss Martineau's book will, we think, have a tendency to promote this independence of opinion among us. Her observations, whether sound or otherwise, are always couched in such spirited terms as to stir people up and give food for thinking, and will be copied and quoted everywhere. The work, judging by the only volume that has yet come into our possession, is just the one to take hold of the public mind of this country; but as it is impossible to pass upon such a production in the imperfect state in which we have received it, we prefer giving some specimens of her varied observations, and admirable powers of description, to protracting these desultory remarks, already perhaps too long.

THE REAL VULGARITY OF AMERICA.

"The manners of the wealthy classes depend, of course, upon the character of their objects and interests; but they are not, on the whole, so agreeable as those of their less opulent neighbors. The restless ostentation of such as live for grandeur and show is vulgar; as I have said, the only vulgarity to be seen in the country. Nothing can exceed the display of it at watering places. At Rockaway, on Long Island, I saw in one large room, while the company was waiting for dinner, a number of groups which would have made a good year's income for a clever caricaturist. If any lady, with an eye and a pencil adequate to the occasion, would sketch the phenomena of affectation that might be seen in one day in the piazza and drawing-room at Rockaway, she might be a useful censor of manners. But the task would be too full of sorrow and shame for any one with the true republican spirit. For my own part, I felt bewildered in such company. It was as if I had been set down on a kind of debatable land between the wholly imaginary society of the so-called fashionable novels of late years, and the broad sketches of citizen-life given by Madame D'Arblay. It was like nothing real. When I saw the young ladies trickled out in the most expensive finery, flirting over the backgammon-board, tripping affectedly across the room, languishing with a seventy-dollar cambric handkerchief, starting up in ecstasy at the entrance

of a baby; the mothers as busy with affectations of another kind, and the brother siding hither and thither, now with assiduity and now with nonchalance; and no one imparting the refreshment of a natural countenance, movement, or tone, I almost doubted whether I was awake. The village scenes that I had witnessed rose up in strong contrast,—the mirthful wedding, the wagon-drives, the offerings of wild-flowers to the stranger, the unintermitting, simple courtesy of each to all; and it was scarcely credible that these contrasting scenes could both be existing in the same republic."

MANNERS OF GENTLEMEN AND LADIES IN PUBLIC.

"So much more has naturally been observed by travellers of American manners, in stages and steam-boats, than in private houses, that all has been said, over and over again that the subject deserves. I need only testify that I do not think the Americans eat faster than other people on the whole. The celerity at hotel-tables is remarkable; but so it is in stage-coach travellers in England, who are allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour for dining. In private houses I was never aware of being hurried. The cheerful, unintermitting civility of all gentlemen travellers throughout the country, is very striking to a stranger. The degree of consideration shown to women is, in my opinion, greater than is rational, or good for either party; but the manners of the American stage-coach might afford a valuable lesson and example to many classes of Europeans who have a high opinion of their own civilization. I do not think it rational or fair that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should, as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to a lady passenger. I do not think it rational or fair, that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting-place for their feet,) for some hours of a July day in Virginia, that a young lady, who was slightly delicate, might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have travelled in an extra, or staid behind, or done any thing rather than allowed five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effects of such self-renunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their travelling manners are any thing but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes, present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon; but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they accept the best of every thing, at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the South and West, without a word or look of acknowledgment. They are as like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them,—in the inn parlor, while waiting for meals or the stage, and in the cabin of a steamboat. I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steamboats. They look as if they supposed you mean to injure them, till you show to the contrary. The suspicious side-glance, or the full stare, the cold, immovable observation, the bristling self-defence the moment you come near, the cool pushing to get the best place, every thing said and done without the least trace of trust or cheerfulness, these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humored as they are. The New England ladies, who are compelled by their superior numbers to depend less upon the care of others, are far happier and pleasanter companions in a journey than those of the rest of the country."

FOREST SCENERY.

"The valley of the Connecticut is the most fertile valley in New England; and it is scarcely possible that any should be more beautiful. The river, full, broad, and tranquil as the summer sky, winds through meadows, green with pasture or golden with corn. Clumps of forest trees afford retreat for the cattle in the summer heats; and the magnificent New England elm, the most graceful of trees, is dropped singly, here and there, and casts its broad shade upon the meadow. Hills of various height and declivity bound the now widening, now contracting valley. To these hills the forest has retired; the everlasting forest, from which, in America, we cannot fly. I cannot remember that, except in some parts of the prairies, I was ever out of sight of the forest in the United States: and I am sure I never wished to be so. It was like the 'verdurous wall of Paradise,' confining

the mighty southern and western rivers to their channels. We were, as it appeared, imprisoned in it for many days together, as we traversed the south-eastern States. We threaded it in Michigan; we skirted it in New-York and Pennsylvania; and throughout New England it bounded every landscape. It looked down upon us from the hill-tops; it advanced into notice from every gap and notch in the chain. To the native it must appear as indispensable in the picture-gallery of nature as the sky. To the English traveller it is a special boon, an added charm, a newly-created grace, like the infant planet that wanders across the telescope of the astronomer. The English traveller finds himself never weary by day of prying into the forest, from beneath its canopy; or, from a distance drinking in its exquisite hues: and his dreams, for months or years, will be of the mossy roots, the black pine, and silvery birch stems, the translucent green shades of the beech, and the slender creeper, climbing like a ladder into the topmost boughs of the dark holly, a hundred feet high. He will dream of the march of the hours through the forest; the deep blackness of night, broken by the dun forest-fires, and startled by the showers of sparks, sent abroad by the casual breeze from the burning stems. He will hear again the shrill piping of the whip-poor-will, and the multitudinous din from the occasional swamp. He will dream of the deep silence which precedes the dawn; of the gradual apparition of the haunting trees, coming faintly out of the darkness; of the first level rays, instantaneously piercing the woods to their very heart, and lighting them up into boundless ruddy colonnades, garlanded with wavy verdure, and carpeted with glittering wild-flowers. Or, he will dream of the clouds of gay butterflies, and gauzy dragon-flies, that hover above the noon-day paths of the forest, or cluster about some graceful shrub, making it appear to bear at once all the flowers of Eden. Or the golden moon will look down through his dream, making for him islands of light in an ocean of darkness. He may not see the stars but by glimpses; but the winged stars of those regions,—the gleaming fire-flies,—radiate from every sleeping bough, and keep his eye in fancy busy in following their glancing, while his spirit sleeps in the deep charms of the summer night. Next to the solemn and various beauty of the sea and the sky, comes that of the wilderness. I doubt whether the sublimity of the vastest mountain-range can exceed that of the all-pervading forest, when the imagination becomes able to realise the conception of what it is.

"In the valley of the Connecticut, the forest merely presides over the scene, giving gravity to its charm. On East Mountain, above Deerfield in Massachusetts, it is mingled with grey rocks, whose hue mingles exquisitely with its verdure. We looked down from thence on a long reach of the valley, just before sunset, and made ourselves acquainted with the geography of the catastrophe which was to be commemorated in a day or two. Here and there, in the meadows, were sinkings of the soil, shallow basins of verdant pasturage, where there had probably once been small lakes, but where cattle were now grazing. The unfenced fields, secure within landmarks, and open to the annual inundation which preserves their fertility, were rich with unharvested Indian corn; the cobs left lying in their sheaths, because no passer-by is tempted to steal them; every one having enough of his own. The silvery river lay among the meadows; and on its bank, far below us, stretched the avenue of noble trees, touched with the hues of autumn, which shaded the village of Deerfield. Saddleback bounded our view opposite, and the Northampton hills and Green Mountains on the left. Smoke arose, here and there, from the hills' sides, and the nearer eminences were dotted with white dwellings, of the same order with the homesteads which were sprinkled over the valley."

WORLD-MAKING.

"It is an absorbing thing to watch the process of world-making,—both the formation of the natural and the conventional world. I witnessed both in America; and when I look back upon it now, it seems as if I had been in another planet. I saw something of the process of creating the natural globe in the depths of the largest explored cave in the world. In its depths, in this noiseless workshop, was Nature employed with her blind and dumb agents, fashioning mysteries which the earthquake of a thousand years hence may bring to light, to give man a new sense of the shortness of his life. I saw something of the process of world-making behind the fall of Niagara, in the thunder cavern, where the rocks that have stood for ever tremble to their fall amidst the roar of the unexhausted floods.

I stood where soon human foot shall stand no more. Foot-hold after foot-hold is destined to be thrown down, till, after more ages than the world has yet known, the last rocky barrier shall be overpowered, and an ocean shall overspread countries which are but just entering upon civilized existence. Niagara itself is but one of the shifting scenes of life, like all of the outward that we hold most permanent. Niagara itself, like the systems of the sky, is one of the hands of Nature's clock, moving, though too slowly to be perceived by the unheeding,—still moving, to mark the lapse of time. Niagara itself is destined to be as the traditional monsters of the ancient earth—a giant existence, to be spoken of to wondering ears in studious hours, and believed in from the sole evidence of its surviving grandeur and beauty. While I stood in the wet whirlwind, with the crystal roof above me, the thundering floor beneath, and the foaming whirlpool and rushing flood before me, I saw those quiet, studious hours of the future world when this cataract shall have become a tradition, and the spot on which I stood shall be the centre of a wide sea, a new region of life. This was seeing world-making. So it was on the Mississippi, when a sort of scum on the waters betokened the birth-place of new land. All things help in this creation. The cliffs of the upper Missouri detach their soil, and send it thousands of miles down the stream. The river brings it, and deposits it, in continual increase, till a barrier is raised against the rushing waters themselves. The air brings seeds, and drops them where they sprout, and strike downwards, so that their roots bind the soft soil, and enable it to bear the weight of new accretions. The infant forest, floating, as it appeared, on the surface of turbid and rapid waters, may reveal no beauty to the painter; but to the eye of one who loves to watch the process of world-making, it is full of delight. These islands are seen in every stage of growth. The cotton-wood trees, from being like cresses in a pool, rise breast-high; then they are like the thickets, to whose shade the alligator may retreat; then, like groves that bid the sun good-night, while he is still lighting up the forest; then like the forest itself, with the wood-cutter's house within its screen, flowers springing about its stems, and the wild-vine climbing to meet the night breezes on its lofty canopy. This was seeing world-making. Here was strong instigation to the exercise of analysis.

"One of the most frequent thoughts of a speculator in these wildernesses, is the rarity of the chance which brings him here to speculate. The primitive glories of nature have, almost always since the world began, been dispensed to savages; to men who, dearly as they love the wilderness, have no power of bringing into contrast with it the mind of man, as enriched and stimulated by cultivated society. Busy colonists, pressed by bodily wants, are the next class brought over the threshold of this temple: and they come for other purposes than to meditate. The next are those who would make haste to be rich; selfish adventurers, who drive out the red man, and drive in the black man, and, amidst the forests and the floods, think only of cotton and of gold. Not to such alone should the primitive glories of nature be dispensed; glories which can never be restored. The philosopher should come, before they are effaced, and find combinations and proportions of life and truth which are not to be found elsewhere. The painter should come, and find combinations and proportions of visible beauty which are not to be found elsewhere. The architect should come, and find suggestions and irradiations of his art which are not to be found elsewhere. The poet should come, and witness a supremacy of nature such as he images in the old days when the world's sires came forth at the tidings of the rainbow in the cloud. The chance which opens to the meditative the almost untouched regions of nature, is a rare one; and they should not be left to the vanishing savage, the busy and the sordid."

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

"Side by side with the sinners of the rostrum, stand the sinners of the newspaper press. The case is clear, and needs little remark or illustration. The profligacy of newspapers, wherever they exist, is a universal complaint; and, of all newspaper presses, I never heard any one deny that the American is the worst. Of course, this depravity being so general throughout the country, it must be occasioned by some overpowering force of circumstances. The causes are various; and it is a testimony to the strength and purity of the democratic sentiment in the country, that the republic has not been overthrown by its newspapers.

"While the population is so scattered as it now is, throughout the greater part

of the Union, nothing is easier than to make the people know only one side of a question; few things are easier than to keep from them altogether the knowledge of any particular affair; and, worse than all, on them may easily be practised the discovery that lies may work their intended effect before the truth can overtake them.

"It is hard to tell which is worst—the wide diffusion of things that are not true, or the suppression of things that are true. It is no secret that some able personage at Washington writes letters on the politics and politicians of the general government, and sends them to the remotest corners of the Union, to appear in their newspapers; after which they are collected in the administration newspaper at Washington as testimonies of public opinion in the respective districts where they appear. The worst of it is, that the few exceptions to this depravity,—the few newspapers conducted by men of truth and superior intelligence, are not yet encouraged in proportion to their merits.

"There will be no great improvement in the literary character of the American newspapers till the literature of the country has improved. Their moral character depends upon the moral taste of the people. This looks like a very severe censure. If it be so, the same censure applies elsewhere, and English morals must be held accountable for the slanders and captiousness displayed in the leading articles of British journals, and for the disgustingly jocose tone of their police reports, where crimes are treated as entertainments and misery as a jest. Whatever may be the exterior causes of the Americans having been hitherto ill-served in their newspapers, it is now certain that there are none which may not be overpowered by a sound moral taste. In their country, the demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire."

Dissertation on the subject of a Congress of Nations, &c.; by a Friend of Peace. E. Collier, Nassau-street.

THIS dissertation was one of those elicited by the premium offered by the American Peace Society for the best essay on the subject of which it treats. The committee of arbitration were in doubt between several of the papers submitted to them, and the Dissertation before us was finally, with a few others, laid over for further decision. As now presented to the public it forms a very neat volume, containing much curious matter in illustration of its subject; and though we believe both the author and his competitors have expended their ingenuity upon the wind, his book contains many anecdotes and reflections which will repay perusal.

Discourse on the Evidences of the American Indians being the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; by M. M. Noah. James Van Norden.

THIS is a very ingenious essay of Mr. Noah, and he has adduced much curious and interesting matter in support of his theory, which we certainly believe to be as sound as any other regarding the population of this country. The essayist, however, is guilty of a piece of carelessness in his phraseology, which so old a literateur ought to have avoided; he generalizes too much when speaking of the customs and traditions of our aborigines, calling them always by the general name of Indians, instead of identifying the particular tribe from which his immediate illustrations are drawn. The effect of this is not unimportant; as, though the majority of the northern tribes, perhaps, were pure theists, yet there is much

idolatry, many superstitions, and some curious mythology intermingled with the creed of many tribes. The Manitou of the Lake-Indians, for instance, has his Manitoag, or inferior divinities to sustain him; and the Wahcondah of the Prairie tribes has his worship shared with the Mehkatungah, or great star among the Pawnees; while the Oweneyo of the Wyandotts and Delawares, and the Nayadda Gwenneyu of the Five Nations, seems to have been the only representative of the unity of God, the true divinity. The latter term we borrow from the mellifluous Seneca, in that hymn beginning

"Sis-wa-den-no-tus Na-yad-da-Gwen-ney-yu,"

"Sing unto the *Great Spirit*." The numerous extracts already dispersed through the critical notices of our present number, are all that prevent us from quoting largely from Mr. Noah's most interesting essay.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—We conclude our Critical Notices this month with the following reply to the able article upon Professor Tucker's new work in the first number of the NEW-YORK REVIEW. The signature sufficiently indicates its source.

This new periodical, in a long and labored diatribe on the character of Mr. Jefferson, (the first article of the first No.) has, for the purpose of proving him a plagiarist, undertaken to trace a resemblance between the Declaration of Independence and various other public documents, some of which instances forcibly remind us of honest Fluellen's comparison between Macedon and Monmouth. The reviewer, finding his efforts inadequate to his liberal purpose, has endeavored to eke out his scanty stock of evidence by the list of grievances prefixed to the first constitution of Virginia, which is almost identical with that embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and which, ever since the death of Mr. Wythe, in 1806, has been known in Virginia to have proceeded from Mr. Jefferson's pen. The critic, however, without venturing to deny the fact, thinks proper to call it in question, upon no better ground than that as Mr. Wythe was in Philadelphia in 1776, attending to his duty in congress, he could not have been in Virginia in the same month, and offered Mr. Jefferson's paper, as is alleged in Tucker's Life of Jefferson, to the convention which formed the constitution of that state. He therefore asks for further explanation.

That explanation shall now be given, and had the reviewer shown half the diligence and zeal in discovering truth that he has exhibited in hunting up materials for detraction, he had been able to furnish it for himself. Thus, in the only history of Virginia for that period, Gerardin's continuation of Burk, he would have found the following passage in the author's notice of the Constitution of Virginia, page 150.

"The preamble, reciting the various acts of misrule by which the government of Virginia, as formerly exercised under the crown of Great Britain, was now totally dissolved, had been transmitted by Thomas Jefferson, from Philadelphia, where that illustrious patriot was then attending the general congress, together with a plan of a new constitution or form of government. His valuable communication reached the convention just at the moment when the plan originally drawn up by Colonel George Mason, and afterwards discussed and amended, was to receive the final sanction of that venerable body. It was now too late to retrace previous steps; the session had already been uncommonly laborious; and considerations of personal delicacy hindered those to whom Mr. Jefferson's ideas were imparted from proposing or urging new alterations. Two or three parts of his plan, and the whole of his preamble, however, were adopted; and to this circumstance must be ascribed the strong similitude between that preamble and the Declaration of Independence subsequently issued by the Continental Congress, both having been traced by the same pen."

The author, as his authority for the foregoing facts, refers to a letter from Mr. Wythe to Mr. Jefferson, dated July 27th, 1776. This letter, the original of which is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, is, for greater satisfaction, now published entire. The part in italics may be found in Gerardin, in a foot note to the passage above cited.

"GEORGE WYTHE TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"Williamsburg, 27th July, 1776.

"Lord Dunmore, driven from Gwin's, retreated to St. George's Island in Potowmack, a station we hear he found no less unquiet than that he left; so that he hath gone up that river, distressed, it is imagined, for water. Ought the precept, 'If thine enemy thirst, give him drink,' to be observed towards such a friend and in such a war? Our countrymen will probably decide in the negative; and perhaps such casuists as you and I shall not blame them. I had not reached this place before the appointment of delegates. An attempt to alter it as to you was made in vain. *When I came here, the plan of government had been committed to the whole house. To those who had the chief hand in forming it, the one you put into my hands was shown. Two or three parts of this were, with very little alteration, inserted in that; but such was the impatience of sitting long enough to discuss several important points in which they differ, and so many other matters were necessarily to be dispatched before the adjournment, that I was persuaded the revision of a subject the members seemed tired of would at that time have been unnecessarily proposed. The system agreed to, in my opinion, requires reformation. In October I hope you will effect it.* I have directed a carriage to meet me at Hooe's Ferry the third of September. So soon as I saw Mr. Bruce, I mentioned the copies you wanted. He told me he could not find some of the papers. I propose in a day or two to assist him in searching for them, and will desire him to get them ready by the time you will be in Virginia. Farewell."

The reviewer might have found in Wirt's Life of Henry, the same explanation, with a single exception in an unimportant particular. It is contained in a note, page 196, and is as follows:

"The striking similitude between the recital of wrongs prefixed to the constitution of Virginia, and that which was afterwards prefixed to the declaration of Independence of the United States, is of itself sufficient to establish the fact that they are from the same pen. But the Constitution of Virginia preceded the Declaration of Independence by nearly a month; and was wholly composed and adopted while Mr. Jefferson is known to have been out of the state attending the session of Congress at Philadelphia. From these facts alone a doubt might naturally arise, whether he was, as he always has been reputed, the author of that celebrated instrument, the Declaration of American Independence, or at least the recital of grievances which ushers it in; or whether this part of it at least had not been borrowed from the preamble to the Constitution of Virginia. To remove this doubt, it is proper to state that there now exists among the archives of this state, an original rough draught of a Constitution for Virginia, in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, containing this identical preamble, and which was forwarded by him from Philadelphia to his friend Mr. Wythe, to be submitted to the committee of the House of Delegates. The body of the Constitution is taken principally from a plan proposed by Mr. George Mason, and had been adopted by the Committee before the arrival of Mr. Jefferson's plan; this preamble, however, was prefixed to the instrument, and some of the modifications proposed by him introduced into the body."

It seems, from the preceding extracts, that Mr. Wirt, and after him Mr. Tucker, satisfied of the material fact that Mr. Jefferson wrote the preamble to the Constitution of Virginia and transmitted it through Mr. Wythe from Philadelphia, inaccurately assumed that it was sent to Mr. Wythe; whereas it was sent by that gentleman, who, after taking part in the debate on the declaration of Independence in the early part of June, returned to Virginia to assist in the formation of its constitution, and arrived there before its final adoption.

The reviewer, having given all the force and plausibility he was master of to the charge of plagiarism, concludes with this precious salvo to his uncharitableness: "Were the fact of the letter to Mr. Wythe, or to any one else, fully sustained, we can truly say it would afford us pleasure." This declaration, the sincerity of which it would be uncourteous to doubt, can be explained only on the supposition that after the critic had, through fifty-seven pages, sated himself with the pleasures of malevolence, he was disposed to try, by way of variety, a sentiment of an opposite character. Having provided him with the means of gratification beyond his most sanguine hopes, we now leave him in the unenvied enjoyment of it. He is evidently one of those who cannot forgive Mr. Jefferson for his services in the cause of popular government, and who, under the banner of the cross, would wage war against that cause and its most successful champion."

G. T.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—A commission was some time since appointed by the French government to consider the subject of systematic piracy of French works in foreign countries. In this commission appeared the names of several celebrated French authors, such as Victor Hugo, Dumont, Didot, and Roger Collord. In their report they allude to the fact of an English convention of authors having petitioned the American congress for the purpose of obtaining a reciprocal guaranty of literary property in the two countries. The remedy by which some of the commission proposed to destroy this pirating of literary and scientific works, was, that France should immediately take upon herself, by the passage of an international copy-right law, the defence of foreign literary interests, even at the risk of not meeting with a like return. The majority were, however, opposed to such useless generosity, and chose rather to offer reciprocity, and to make it a condition of the protection of France that the same protection of other nations should be extended to her. The commission were of opinion that a law should be enacted, that all works, foreign or French, originally published abroad, should not be allowed to be re-printed during the life of the author, or for a term fixed by law, without his consent or that of the person to whom he has ceded his rights. This system of reciprocity of not publishing would not be sufficient—it should be extended also to *not buying*; for the injury to France arises not so much from the printing of English editions of French works, but from the sale of spurious Brussels editions in England. It was therefore from the English customs that compensation was to be sought. If England would pass a law prohibiting the admission of French books except those genuine ones printed in France, France would pass a law inhibiting the admission of *American editions of English books* into France.

"A pamphlet on the necessity for affording protection to literary property, from the pen of A. F. Didot, has just appeared, in which he tells us, that in 1827 ten of the principal bookselling firms in Paris joined in forming an establishment at Brussels to counteract the Belgian piracies. This establishment would probably have succeeded in checking the system, which was not then carried on to such an extent as it is at present, had not the king of the Netherlands, who applied considerable sums to the promotion of industry, powerfully assisted the principal plunderers. The French booksellers could not oppose the budget of France to that of the Netherlands, and deemed it prudent to withdraw from the unequal contest. The present sovereign of Belgium does not afford the like support, but the Belgian booksellers find in their fellow-citizens a sympathy which produces the same results, and which manifests itself in the eagerness to take shares in the bookselling companies that have arisen in Brussels with immense capitals. Thus, for instance, when M. Haumann was forming his company, whose capital amounts to a million and a half, offers to the enormous sum of eighty millions were made by persons desirous of having shares in the last three hundred, deposited in the national bank. To stop this system of piracy, the author proposes that France should declare her determination to protect the literary property of all those nations whose government should in like manner determine to protect French literary copyright in their dominions."

From the preceding account of the measures so warmly adopted in Paris for the protection of literary property, it will be perceived that the public mind is becoming alive to the importance of the subject. In our view the best way to effect a reform, a positive and lasting reform, of the present grossly unjust system, would be for the nations of Europe and America to enter into mutual treaties of protection of the rights of each. By the appointment of each government, literary men, endowed with plenipotentiary powers, might be sent to meet in a congress at London or Paris, and there form a treaty of mutual protection and equal benefit to each nation. Could such a treaty be made, our sympathies would no longer be appealed to for suffering genius. The works of the mind would acquire a lasting and high value. Every country would possess a literature of its own, and not be dependent upon others.

A treaty would do much more for us in the United States than a law, which, from our abounding love of legislature, would be amended or perverted, or absolutely repealed. The favorable effect of such a treaty on periodical literature alone, would be of immense advantage to our young writers. The publishers of our Magazines and Reviews would not be compelled to place their feebly-supported journals in direct competition with those of Great Britain, which, by the noble support which they receive at home, are enabled to engage the most exalted talent, and to command the broadest resources. No English journal could be republished here. No opinions entirely at war with the spirit of our institutions, could be disseminated among our people. The book-trade, instead of being at all injured, would be universally benefited. It would impart to it an importance which it has never heretofore enjoyed. The public would be benefited no less than authors and publishers. We shall endeavor to show this at length in our September number. Meantime, we trust that the friends of this great measure will not slacken or pretermitt their exertions. Petitions should be poured in upon Congress like rain.

CURIOUS WORKS.—As a matter of curiosity, it may be mentioned that in Paris there have lately been produced two little works in the Ottawa language, both of a religious nature. They have been printed in Roman characters, under the superintendence of the Abbé Baraga, an Illyrian priest, resident at Michigan in the United States.

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN JOURNALS.—The number of journals published in Austria amounts to 72, 21 of which are furnished by Vienna. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom issues 34 Milan alone 25, Venice 6, and Verona 4.

It has been remarked as a singular phenomenon, that in Germany, which is so fertile in almost every department of literature, there are very few new dramatic productions. In regard to comedy in particular, the lovers of the theatre must put up almost exclusively with the mostly barbarous translations from the French. The result of the offer by the firm of Cotta of a prize of 300 florins for a good comedy in one act, furnishes an additional proof of the neglect of the drama. Out of several hundred pieces that were received, only eight were deemed worthy of being submitted for examination to the critical tribunal, composed of Lewald, Menzel, and Seydelmann; and of these eight one only was deemed worthy of any consideration. It is apprehended that, unless some provision be made by the Diet for securing to German dramatic authors a property in their works, as in France, the German stage must long continue to be a mere echo of the French.

DENMARK.—A periodical work in German, with the title of "Skandinavische Bibliothek" (Scandinavian Library,) has been commenced at Copenhagen, edited by J. L. von Schepeler and A. von Gähler. It is intended to comprise translations of the latest and most attractive productions of Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish literature.

SWEDEN.—An interesting work, in French, by C. Forssell, has appeared at Stockholm, with the title of "Une Année en Suède; ou Tableaux des Costumes, Mœurs, et Usages des Paysans de la Suède, suivis des Sites et Monumens historiques les plus remarquables," in forty-eight plates, with explanatory text, 4to.

RUSSIA.—We are assured that the Russian "Conversations-Lexikon," which has advanced to the sixth volume, is rich in contributions on the history, geography, statistics, and industry of Russia, on the social relations of its various tribes, and in biographical accounts of its distinguished statesmen. The work employs all the eminent Russian literati, who have become contributors to it, so that there is a momentary stagnation in all branches of Russian literature, in which considerable activity till lately prevailed.

A Polish work of considerable importance is in the course of publication at St. Petersburg. It is a narrative of travels performed a few years since at the expense of the Russian government, by Joseph Kowalewski, to Mongolia and China. The work will consist of six parts; the first, second, and third, treat of the Burais and Mongolia; the fourth and fifth of China; and the sixth contains the history of the Catholic missions to China, with more particular reference to the proceedings of the Jesuits. In a supplement the author will give a variety of legends, popular songs, and historical documents, that have never yet appeared in print.

The Academy of Science at St. Petersburg is publishing in the Mongol language an heroic legend, which is in great favour among the Mongols. This is a History of the heroic Achievements and Adventures of Gesser Khan, full of Mongol romance, which is expected to excite much interest even in Europe.

ITALY.—Towards the end of last year a new monthly work on the fine arts was announced at Rome, with the title of "Iconografia e Scenografia delle belle Arti."

GREECE.—The number of political journals is increasing in Greece. The Σωτήρ (Saviour), lately proscribed, has for some time again appeared, as the sentence of the Tribunal of First Instance was annulled by the Court of Cassation. To this have been added a new opposition paper in the German and Greek language, entitled "ἡ Ἑλπίς," (Hope), and another neutral paper, "The Iris," which is in Greek only, and contains miscellaneous and literary articles. A fourth, "ὁ Θεατὴς," (The Spectator), is announced as speedily to appear, and a fifth is talked of. By the title of "Ἀπομνημονεύματα πολιμικά," was lately published at Athens the first volume of a new and interesting work by Christophoros Perrhæbos, colonel in the army of Greece, who was already favorably known by his History of Suli and the Saliotes, and who was perhaps rather too flatteringly called by Niebuhr a second Thucydides. In these memoirs the author does not pretend to give a complete history of the Greek insurrection, but only the actions, enterprizes, and events in which he was either himself engaged, or an eye-witness of. The first volume comes down only to the year 1822.

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.—The exhibition is, this year, enriched with pictures by Sully, Neagle, Birch, Shaw, and others

of our finest artists, with many from junior artists of great promise. Among the portraits are two of extraordinary merit, one (the Studious Artist,) a portrait of Birch by Neagle, the other a portrait of Sully by Inman,—artists painted by artists, and painted *con amore*. The latter is an astonishing resemblance,—not merely the *vera ac viva effigies* of our American Sir Thomas,—but the man himself, living, breathing, smiling,—smiling as if at the oddity of being hung up on the wall like a picture, or as if in pleasant approbation of his own work,—the beautiful, the more than beautiful *Isabella*, in the opposite corner. Neagle's picture is equally striking as a likeness, felicitous in every particular of conception and execution, and, indeed, a chef-d'œuvre. Of Sully's two pictures, (alas, that there should be but two!) Mrs. Wood as *Amina*, and the *Isabella* from *Measure for Measure*, it needs only to say, that they are such as could only come from his easel. The countenance of the *Isabella* is almost an inspiration. There are nine different *scapes* (land and water,) by Shaw,—a very fine artist, whose popularity would perhaps be greater, were it not for his being so often at loggerheads with others of the profession. The Storm Scene, No. 148, and the Morning View in South Wales, No. 157, are both superb; and the same may be said of the large composition in the North Room. The simplicity of Shaw's palette is particularly admirable: nothing can exceed the sweetness of gradations, the dissolving of his different distances, one after the other, in air; even his foregrounds seem to swim in atmosphere. The little round landscape by Birch is in a very different style, but, like most of his work, extremely natural and pleasing. We were sorry to see but a single *marine* piece of his in the exhibition. Sartain's *Twilight on the Atlantic* is a poetic and impressive, yet simple and natural, design. Of the three pieces by Weir, of New-York, the view of old Fort Putnam is greatly admired. There are many pieces by younger artists,—Kyle, Ord, Smith, Hoppner, Meyer, Forrest, and others,—which we should be glad to notice, did our limits permit. We regretted seeing no specimens of American sculpture, a branch of the Fine Arts to which Greenough and Power have been of late attracting so much of public curiosity.

In New-York, the exhibition of the National Academy, this season, has been a very successful one. The public seem each year more and more to appreciate the efforts which the association of artists have made to support and establish two schools, (the Antique and the Life,) which have advanced the arts of Design in New-York, during the last two years, more than individual effort could have done it in half a century.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN LYCEUM was held at Philadelphia, on the 5th, 6th, and 8th of May, and was attended by large numbers of members and spectators. The Lyceums which have been formed in that city and its vicinity within the past two years, have enlisted the active labors of some hundreds of individuals of different ages and professions, as well as of both sexes; and in other parts of the Union associations of that kind exist which are doing much to promote taste and to diffuse useful knowledge. Lyceums offer great advantages for self-education, while they enable persons of intelligence and public spirit to co-operate efficiently for the intellectual and moral improvement of society around them.

The proceedings of the National Lyceum were varied and interesting, and it is desirable that they should be published; but the funds of the Society are as yet inadequate.

ION.—George Dearborn & Co. have just published a FOURTH EDITION of Sargeant Talfourd's beautiful tragedy. The celerity with which this chaste and

beautiful production has passed through so many editions, is no indifferent evidence that, amid all the turmoils and distresses of business affairs, goodtaste has not been suffered to become extinct.

J. J. J.—We refer our readers to the first of a series of papers, entitled *SKETCHES OF PARIS*, published in this number. No one can read our correspondent's graphic and beautiful description of Taglioni without delight, or without anticipating much pleasure from a future perusal of the productions of so graceful and finished a writer. That writer is S. Appleton Jewett, Esq. of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Jewett has been for several years past travelling in Europe; and his letters, appearing from time to time in the columns of the Boston Daily Atlas, have elicited universal admiration, though from the unostentatious manner of their publication, the name of the author has not been wreathed with those laurels which Fame gathers for her favorite children. We are happy to state that we have the promise of many similar articles from this gentleman, whom we are proud to designate as a European correspondent of the American Monthly Magazine.

NEW FRENCH WORKS.—The "Dictionnaire de la Conversation" is nearly completed. This will be one of the most valuable works in the language. It is to extend to fifty-two volumes. Each article is composed by an author celebrated in a particular department, and its contributors are the first literary men in the kingdom. A work in 15 vols., "Archives Curie de L'Histoire de France depuis Louis XI. jusqu'à Louis XVIII." has just appeared. A second edition of Baron de Ronjoux's History of England has been published. It is embellished with 500 engravings. It is said to reveal a number of facts, hitherto carefully concealed through the national vanity of Hume and Lingard. Among recent publications, we notice still another History of England, in fifteen octavo volumes. This work is published by a company with a capital of 80,000 francs. A decided taste for historical works seems to be now prevalent in Paris. "A Collection d'Histoires complètes de tous les Etats Européens," has been commenced. Each foreign author is to revise the translation of his own work. The collection is to form from twenty to twenty-five octavo volumes, printed in double columns. Besides this, there are announced a History of Italy, as just completed, in eight volumes—a Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution, in forty volumes—Baron Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire to extend to twenty volumes—and a new edition of Hume and Smollet's History of England, with Hughes's continuation, in two quarto volumes. There are also new editions of the German classics in press, besides other valuable books.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.—The depression of business has most seriously affected the book-trade in our country. Since our last, we notice only two original books, viz.; Mr. Stevens' admirable "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land"—which we have noticed at length in former numbers of the Magazine—and "the Trollopiad, a satirical poem." If there have been others, they have not fallen under our notice, or have not been sent to this journal. We would take this opportunity to request all the publishers to forward to us, monthly, a list of *all works they may have in press*, and of their new publications. Our annunciation will be worth more than an advertisement. Every work, which its author or publisher wishes to see noticed in these pages, must be directed to the editors of the American Monthly Magazine, 38 Gold St. New-York.

PUBLIC LANDS.—The United States owns, at present, of surveyed lands, as follows:—In Ohio, 4,100,492 acres; in Indiana, 11,459,156 acres; in Illinois, 17,231,001 acres; in Missouri, 17,413,429 acres; in Alabama, 22,586,058 acres; in Mississippi, 12,924,301 acres; in Louisiana, 9,688,526 acres; in Arkansas, 14,223,175 acres; in Michigan, east of the lake, 9,104,697 acres; in Michigan, west of the lake, 4,924,220 acres; and in Florida, 6,792,909 acres; making a totality of (in round numbers) about 132 millions of acres, now surveyed, of which 122 millions have been offered at public sale, and are now subject to entry, and about ten millions are new lands, lately surveyed, and ready to be proclaimed for sale. Besides this mass of surveyed lands, (it is in fact four or five millions more, for the surveyed lands of this year are not included,) the United States own in the same States and Territories, about 100 millions of acres to which the Indian title has been extinguished, but which is not yet surveyed, and about 80 millions of acres to which the Indian title has not been extinguished, and all this, exclusive of the Des Moines purchase, an acquisition of great value and extent, west of the Mississippi and north of the State of Missouri, and which of itself will form a great State, and complete the line of States on the west bank of the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Falls of St. Anthony. Here, then, is an aggregate of about 340 millions of acres of public land within the limits of the States and Territories, of which 132 millions are now ready for sale, and 100 millions more can be ready as soon as it can be surveyed.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Public School Society of New-York is declared to have been "established for the promotion of the literary, moral, and religious welfare of the rising generation." In 1827 this Society consisted of nine schools, containing 4,558 boys and girls; in May, 1836, there were fifteen schools, containing 9,182 scholars, of both sexes; twenty-six primary schools, containing 2,946 children, and public primary schools for 1,171 colored children. The whole amount expended for this object by the School Society in 1836, was \$132,523 38, of which \$87,364 31 were paid by this city. Evening schools are also held for the benefit of those who cannot attend during the day. These schools are judiciously distributed throughout the city.

SCENE FOR A NOVELIST.—The Boston Post publishes the following interesting account of the massacre of Major Dade's detachment in Florida, in December, 1835, taken from the lips of Ransom Clark, the sole survivor of that dreadful action, who is now in Boston.

The military annals of modern times scarcely present a scene so touching and peculiar as that exhibited upon Dade's battle-ground. The smallness of the number engaged, with the isolation of the field of action, may make the historian give but a passing notice to this massacre; but the novelist and the poet must ever dwell upon it as presenting one of the most striking displays of tried discipline and unavailing valor that brave soldiers have ever exhibited. As such we preserve the following record here.

"Our detachment, consisting of 117 men, under command of Major Dade, started from Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay, on the 23d of December, and arrived at the scene of action about 8 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th. It was on the edge of a pond, three miles from the spot where we had bivouacked on the night previous. The pond was surrounded by tall grass, brush, and small trees. A moment before we were surprised Major Dade said to us—'We have now got through all danger; keep up good heart, and when we get to Fort King, I'll give you three days for Christmas.'

"At this time we were in a path, or trail, on the border of the pond; and the first notice that we received of the presence of the enemy, was the discharge of a rifle by their chief, as a signal to commence the attack. The pond was on our right, and the Indians were scattered round in a semicircle, on our left, in the

rear, and in advance—reaching at the two latter points to the edge of the pond ; but leaving an opening for our entrance on the path, and a similar opening on the opposite extremity for the egress of our advanced guard, which was permitted to pass through without being fired on, and, of course, unconscious of the ambuscade through which they had marched. At the time of the attack this guard was about a quarter of a mile in advance, the main body following in column, two deep. The Chief's rifle was followed by a general discharge from his men, and Major Dade, Captain Frazier, and Lieutenant Mudge, together with several non-commissioned officers and privates, were brought down by the first volley. Our rear guard had a six pounder, which, as soon as possible, was hauled up, and brought to bear upon the ground occupied by the unseen enemy, secreted among the grass, brush, and trees. The discharge of the cannon checked, and made them fall back for about half an hour. About twelve of us advanced, and brought in our wounded and the arms, leaving the dead. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Mudge, who was speechless. We set him up against a tree, and he was found there two months after, when General Gaines sent a detachment to bury the bodies of our soldiers. All hands then commenced throwing up a small triangular breastwork of logs ; but, just as we had raised it about two feet, the Indians returned, and renewed the engagement. A part of our troops fought within the breastwork, and a part outside. I remained outside till I received a ball in my right arm, and another near my right temple, which came out at the top of my head. I next received a shot in my thigh, which brought me down on my side, and I then got into the breastwork. We gave them forty-nine discharges from the cannon ; and, while loading for the fiftieth, the last shot we had, our match went out. The Indians chiefly levelled at the men who worked the cannon. In the mean time the main body of our troops kept up a general fire with musketry.

"The loss of the enemy must have been very great, because we never fired until we fixed on our men ; but the cannon was necessarily fired at random, as only two or three Indians appeared together. When the firing commenced, the advanced guard wheeled, and in returning to the main body, were entirely cut up. The battle lasted till about four in the afternoon, and I was about the last one who handled a gun, while lying on my side. At the close, I received a shot in my right shoulder, which passed into my lungs ; the blood gushed out of my mouth in a stream, and, dropping my musket, I rolled over on my face. The Indians then entered the breastwork, but found not one man standing to defend it. They secured the arms, ammunition, and the cannon, and despatched such of our fallen soldiers as they supposed still to be alive. Their negroes then came in to strip the dead. I had by this time somewhat revived, and a negro observed that I was not dead, took up a musket and shot me in the top of the shoulder, and the ball came out at my back. After firing, he said, 'There, d— you, take that.' He then stripped me of every thing but my shirt.

"The enemy then disappeared to the left of the pond, and, through weakness and apprehension, I remained still till about nine o'clock at night. I then commenced crawling on my knees and left hand. As I was crawling over the dead, I put my hand on one man, who felt different from the rest—he was warm and limber. I roused him up, and found it was De Courcy, an Englishman, and the son of a British officer resident in Canada. I told him that it was best for us to attempt to travel, as the danger appeared to be over, and we might fall in with some assistance. As he was only wounded in the side and arm, he could walk a little. We got along as well as we could that night, continued on till next noon, when, on a rising ground, we observed an Indian ahead, on horseback, loading his rifle. We agreed that he should go on one side of the road, and I on the other. The Indian took after De Courcy, and I heard the discharge of his rifle. This gave me time to crawl into a hammock and hide away. The Indian soon returned, with his arms and legs covered with blood, having, no doubt, according to custom, cut De Courcy to pieces after bringing him down with his rifle. The Indian came riding through the brush in pursuit of me, and approached within ten feet, but gave up the search. I then resumed my route back to Fort Brooke, crawled and limped through the nights and forenoons, and slept in the brush during the middle of the day, with no other nourishment than cold water. I got to Fort Brooke on the evening of the fifth ; and in five months afterwards was discharged as a pensioner, at eight dollars per month. The doctor attributes my not dying of my wounds to the circumstance that I bled a good deal, and did not partake of any solid food during the first five days.

"Two other soldiers, by the names of Thomas and Sprague, also came in afterwards. Although badly wounded, they ascended a tree, and thus escaped the enemy on the evening of the battle. They joined another expedition, two months after, but before their wounds were healed, and they soon died of them."

IMPROVED PAVEMENT.—A new plan of paving the streets has recently been submitted to the corporation of New-York. It is proposed that the spaces in our pavements laid in the usual manner be filled with a substance, which, it is alleged, will at once form a solid mass, furnish a smooth and agreeable surface, be impervious to water, and not to be affected by the frost; yet, at the same time, be favorable to health and economy.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—This beautiful art, which deserves almost to be considered a new one from the improvements made in it of late years, is destined to become a great favorite with our countrymen, "the whittling Yankees," as some tourist calls us. ADAMS already ranks with the most successful of wood engravers abroad, and we have at this moment before us some specimens by MR. HOOVER, a young artist of New-York, which have all the delicacy and finish of a metal engraving, united to the freedom and spirit that characterizes the best execution in wood.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our August number will commence with the second of Mr. Jewett's admirable *SKETCHES OF PARIS, Palais de Justice*. This will be followed by a poem of exquisite fancy from the pen of the Rev. J. H. Clinch, entitled "THE LOVE OF THE COLORS." In the same number there will also appear an article from a highly esteemed correspondent, whose favors we hope to receive frequently in future, entitled—**PROGRESS OF SOCIETY—POETRY, SCIENCE**. Also a paper on **MUSIC**, by Thomas Power, Esq., of Boston. "The Cold Hand," an original and powerful tale, by the author of "the Puritan," will appear. We regret that the accidental mislaying of this paper should have so long deferred its publication. We trust that the author will receive this excuse, and allow us to hear from him again and again. Among the papers filed for publication are, "Martha Gardner, or Moral Reaction," "Don Juan of Braganza," "French Claims," "Philip of Pokanoket," "Rose and Violet," "Hamlet at the Theatre Francais," and "Recollections of the South."

We shall resume the discussion of the Copyright question in our September number, by following up the appeals made in former numbers to authors and publishers, by an Address to "the Readers of the United States." We have thought that a farther agitation of the subject at present would be useless, but that if taken up with vigor on the opening of the next congress, convened by the President's proclamation in September, the remarks presented might tend to impress our legislators with the real importance of an entire reconstruction of the present unjust law of Copyright.